

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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Fill up the Regiments in the Field!

There can be no propriety in calling for new regiments to supply the quotas of the several States under the last requisition. We doubt if there is now a single regiment in the field that is full. Disease, and death in the trenches, in the

swamp, or on the field, have almost annihilated some regiments, and greatly weakened all. Look at the Sickles Brigade! When it started for Yorktown it mustered 4,600 strong. Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Seven Pines, Savage's Station, and not least the miasma of the Chickahominy, have reduced it to not over 1,500 effective men. Now there is no

right-feeling man in the country, or one possessing ordinary sense, who would not prefer to enlist in one of the regiments of this brigade (and the same is true of every other brigade that has had drill and experience), in which the officers have been weeded of cowards and carpet-knights, and have been proved in camp and on the field, than in a new organization



REBEL BARBARITIES—VIRGINIAN REBEL FARMERS SHOOTING UNARMED UNION SOLDIERS OPPOSITE CARTER'S LANDING, VIRGINIA, TUESDAY, JULY 8.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM WAUD.



THE WAR IN THE PENINSULA—PRESIDENT LINCOLN, ATTENDED BY GEN. McCLELLAN AND STAFF, REVIEWING THE FEDERAL ARMY ON TUESDAY, JULY 8, IN ITS NEW ENCAMPMENT NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM WAUD.

where everything has to be learned by the officers as well as the men, and where the establishment of confidence will be a question of time. We have no right to permit regiments, brigades or divisions which have gone through the baptism of blood and suffering, and whose names have become historical, to die of depletion and exhaustion. It stands to reason that the new recruit will prove a better soldier when the flag that is borne at the head of his regiment carries the scars of battle, and is blazoned with the names of victories won. He will gain confidence from the knowledge that the man by his side is a tried veteran, and has already proved himself a brave soldier. He will derive inspiration from the fact that his Colonel and his General have had an experience that will save him from useless exposures and keep him out of bloody blunders, like those of Big Bethel and Ball's Bluff. On these grounds, if for no other reasons, our true policy is to fill up the regiments now in the field to their full completeness before organizing a single new one.

But there are other cogent reasons for this policy. The miserable blunders which permitted the rebels to steal away from Manassas and Corinth in face of superior numbers, and to assume a new and distant and better base of operations, have prolonged the war for another year, and made it necessary to raise another \$500,000,000 for the support of the army. The country has absorbed about all the paper obligations of the Government it can bear. The question of means is a pregnant one—vital indeed, taxing all the ingenuities of finance, and imposing rigid economy on the Administration. Is it wise to tax the Treasury with the cost of a dozen new Major-Generals, 75 new Brigadiers, 350 additional Colonels, 4,000 Captains and 8,000 Lieutenants? Let us not forget that the pay of every Lieutenant is equal to that of eight privates, that of every Captain equal to that of 10 privates, and of Colonels and Brigadiers in proportion. The pay of the officers alone under the new call would be more than that of 100,000 privates. In other words, if the additional troops called for were assigned to the regiments now in the field, the annual cost of the addition to our army would be only two-thirds what it will be if the opposite course were pursued. This is a consideration which ought to appeal to the people above whose heads the insatiable vultures of taxation are already poised with sharp beaks and clutching talons.

On every ground, therefore, as well of efficiency in the army itself as of prudence financially, let us fill up the regiments already in the field! Commence with the regiments in the order of their entry in the service, or with those that are weakest, and as fast as the men are enlisted send them on to such regiments, so that they shall enter at once into service, instead of wasting a month or two in loafing around the recruiting stations.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1862.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, also FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, by J. A. KNIGHT, 100 Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.

What It Means.

A LITTLE more or less of abuse from the British press, or rather that portion of it representing the Government and oligarchy of Great Britain, is a matter of no consequence. We understand each other perfectly. We have fathomed the profound depths of British insolence, hypocrisy and selfishness, and the result has been a hate and detestation of English policy and British Government as wide sweeping as it is intense and permanent. The feeling which prevailed at the close of the war of the Independence was passionate affection, as compared with that which the infamous conduct and language of England has now inspired, and which some day or another will make itself physically manifest. We quite agree with the *London Morning Herald*, that if England meditates any armed demonstrations against this country, now is her opportunity. If, as the *Herald* insists, "The Union has become a nuisance among nations," now is the time to interfere to abate it. We can conceive of no moment more propitious for the exercise of Bull's chivalry and high morality than when he finds his rival engaged in a vital struggle, involving not alone the National life, but the best interests of humanity, to steal in, under lying pretenses, and plant a dagger in that rival's back. We know the impulse exists, and the assassin's purpose is strong. Why are they not carried out?

The answer is obvious—*Cowardice!* We prefer this plain word to *Prudence*. Bullies by nature and profession are not prudent men, they are cowards. The secret of British abstinence from meddling with that which is none of England's business, is neither high principle nor moral restraint. It is revealed in the anxious inquiry of the *Manchester Guardian*, "Why is the United States building up an iron-clad navy? It cannot be to overwhelm the South, whose navy it has already destroyed. Why these enormous preparations?"

The innocent air with which the *Guardian* propounds these questions is more than amusing, it is ludicrous. "Why?" indeed! Because the United States understands and will guard against British bad faith. Because she comprehends and will guard against French ambition and temerity. Because she is determined to make war on any European nation that ventures to interfere with obnoxious advice or still more obnoxious force, in affairs purely American. And finally, because the United States is determined to vindicate her natural and just position as the head and protector of the Republics of America, even though it cost the extinction of every vestige of European authority on this continent or in the Isles adjacent. This is what it means. This is why "Monitors" and "Ironclads" are growing up under the busy hammers of our workmen. This is why the Government is establishing foundries of ordnance. This is why every father in the land prays that his children may be men-children, and next to love of Heaven inculcates hatred of those who, when we were troubled, sought to oppress us, who mocked when our fear came, and who, with malice and fraud, and all unkindness, wrought to destroy all that we hold dear as a nation, and to reduce a great, a proud and a noble people to weakness, humiliation and contempt.

Advance Payments.

A YEAR ago, when the people first rushed to arms, there was no calm second thought to guide their movement. Men forgot wives, children and parents, in the grand enthusiasm of the hour, and confided to their fellow-citizens at home those who were dependent on their exertions for support. We think that only in isolated cases was this trust neglected, and all were taken care of until the volunteer could by his pay meet the requirements of his family. With those who are now called, though the period is quite as critical, the liberality is less. The man who enlists to-day can look for little from private liberality, but must rely alone on the provision made by Government. He has immediate needs, and for these needs the nation is supposed to provide by certain bounties and advance payments. We are told that the recruit will now receive \$40 upon enlistment, \$2 bounty, \$13, being his first month's pay, in advance, and \$25, or one quarter of his \$100, as bounty.

In the first place the sum of \$2 is not given to the recruit, but to the recruiting agent or officer; the man himself has no right to it whatever. Of the \$13 advance payment, he is the recipient when his company is mustered into service, or

when 64 privates are got together. Under any favorable circumstances this may be done in from one to two months, certainly not sooner. The \$25 he gets when the regiment is complete, and mustered as a regiment, which, if we can judge by what has passed during the last six months, will be in about four months from commencement. The recruit therefore waits from two to four months for this pittance which is supposed to be given him for immediate necessities and for the support of his family. There is little inducement, we take it, in this kind of bounty for enlistments.

It has been urged that a bounty has no effect in procuring the enlistment of good men. No greater error than this can exist; a liberal bounty will always bring the best men, those men who hold their families as a paramount duty, and will not leave them unprovided for.

A bounty of \$40 is little enough, when it is considered that it is no bounty, but merely an advance payment, and it should be paid immediately upon the hour of enlistment. It will be said that the largeness of the sum will be an inducement for desertion and re-enlistment over and over again. If this should prove to be so, let a few examples be made of such volunteers, and the evil will soon be corrected, if the punishment be sure and severe. If the recruiting officer is made responsible for the men he enlists, there will be little of such work done. Each officer will assure himself that he is not enlisting a swindler who will serve him as he has served others.

It has been suggested that certificates be issued for the sum to the men on enlistment, which certificates can be cashed by capitalists. Such a suggestion we feel sure could only have originated from some worthy member of the Morgan family, who had his eye on the 40 or 50 per cent. that would inevitably come off such a transaction. No! the men want the money, and nothing but the money. They must not be allowed to drag through the hands of "shavers," as the officers of the last levy did with their State pay certificates.

In plain words, we cannot raise 300,000 men under these conditions. Such men as we now want, and as are willing to go, must see a provision for those they leave behind. During the Mexican war, when there was no difficulty in raising far more men than were wanted, Congress passed an act, Jan. 12, 1847, giving to each volunteer a bounty of \$14. Is there any reason that as much should not be done now?

If \$38 cash could be put in the hands of every man on enlistment, or handed over to his family, the required number would be had within 40 days. Our cities are still full of idle men to whom such a sum would be a great acquisition; men whose hearts are in the struggle, but whose immediate wants are more crying than patriotism. Without some such provision as we advocate there will be no remedy but drafting.

A Danish Solution.

DENMARK has stepped forward, in the midst of our perplexity, with a solution of the question of contrabands; a solution made, as European Governments are wont to make solutions of matters appertaining to this country, not based upon humanity or the advancement of a race, but upon their own wants, and their ignorance of our people, both white and black.

They offer through the Danish Chargé, at Washington, to receive into the sheltering bosom of the sugary island of St. Croix, all blacks who have flown for freedom to our armies, to transport them free, and having given them as much labor as they can perform for three years at the same rate of payment (?) received by the native population, they will then—What? There's where the laugh comes in!

One of the main arguments used by the rebels to frighten the blacks from friendly demonstration, is that of their exportation to the West Indies. We will warrant that the original perpetrators of this bugbear on Sambo never for an instant dreamed of how soon the reality would be mooted, and the story of their imagination seriously discussed as a means of ridding ourselves of the poor negro who has so blindly trusted himself to our charge.

Though an argument on a matter so entirely transparent seems utterly useless, we will offer it—not on the ground of humanity, that plea, in the case of Sambo, not being penetrable into political skulls, but on the pure ground of policy, economy and national honor.

In the first place, shall we be advancing our character for national honesty in receiving that which according to our reading of the Constitution we recognize as property, and conveying it into foreign hands for consumption? Have we politically, or morally, any right to do so, and has Congress any power, in violation of that very Constitution, to make laws, to achieve such an end? If we are the thieves of this property, as slaveholders contend, shall we be acting wisely to allow Denmark to step in as the receiver and take away whatever benefit we may derive from the theft?

Again; like all general schemes of colonization, this is based upon false promises. It starts with the supposition that all these contrabands are alike, that there is no distinction to be drawn between Robert Small, the Charleston pilot, and the veriest field hand, but that all will make good sugar producers. The conclusion is about as sensible and practical as would be the enclosure of a mile square in New York city, and the employment of the people so caged at watchmaking.

Again, we fail to see what right we have acquired to ship off these people to St. Croix or anywhere else. If the masters from whom they have fled, or who have fled from them, have morally no right to retain them, what right have we to coerce them to become sugar planters under the genial rule of the Governor of the Danish West India Islands?

We began by saying that an argument was unnecessary to show the utter absurdity of the proposition, and we end with the same observation. The elucidation of his Danish Majesty is founded in ignorance, and should meet with only quiet refusal. The time has not yet come for the solution of our contraband question, and when it does there will be no submission of it to European intellect.

Let us have a Draft.

The press throughout the country is engaged at this moment in debate on the question of drafting, a portion urging the necessity of such a movement as a set-off to the conscription of the South, another portion deprecating it for the same reason.

While we do not for an instant doubt the ability of the States to raise, within 40 days, 300,000 men, under proper encouragement, still we favor a draft. Let us have conscription, but let it be founded on justice. We contend that so far, with but few exceptions and localities, the middle and higher classes of the people have done little directly in aiding to crush out the rebellion. It has been the poor man's work; the rich, save in a few cases of individual subscription, will stand untouched until the tax bill takes from them a few of their carefully guarded dollars.

We favor, therefore, a conscription of the rich and middling classes. Let us tax property, real and personal, for something more than the taxes which it receives again from the pockets of the laborer and producer. Let us call upon every man who is possessed of \$3,000 over and above his debts for aid in the struggle. Should he be drafted, and have a wife and children, he can well afford to leave them, knowing that they will want for nothing during his absence, and can be assured, should he so desire, that they will receive, on his death, the amount for which he can insure his life before setting out on his patriotic mission.

If, on the hand, he should choose not to serve, a moiety of that which he has acquired during peace and plenty will purchase a substitute; \$200 bounty will act as a powerful stimulant to some more patriotic poor man, who cannot volunteer through the fear of leaving a family unprotected for. By this course our property-holder can feel that he has served his country, through the patriotic medium of the pocket, and that the man fitted-out by his gold may at that moment be bleaching his bones on a distant battle-field, or what is more agreeable, be hewing his way to a Generalship.

We can see no reason why this portion of our fellow-citizens should not be called upon to do their share of the work. While the South is turning out its forces, irrespective of wealth or position, up to this time there are millions of our able-bodied men who have done nothing whatever. They have not felt the war in either physical, mental or pecuniary sense. It is time they did begin to feel it. It is of the highest importance to property that the rebellion be finished at once. Its value is at stake if the war continues; it is therefore a financial necessity that the holders should put forth their strongest effort for a rapid end. We can see no way in which they can so assist as this. Could such a conscription be carried out, instantly, we could have 300,000 men in the field in less than one month.

We respectfully submit this to our lawmakers and Governors.

Historical Facts and Pictures.

JULIUS VON WICKEDÉ was one of the officers of the German Hussars who participated so largely in the wars against Napoleon. He lost an arm at Waterloo. With the remaining one he has written his recollections in three volumes, which give us a close view of the inner history of the war of the Allies on the ambitious Corsican. Some of its revelations go far to change the coloring which has been given to many of the leading events of that stirring period. Among other things our author denies that the idea of burning Moscow emanated from Rostopchin, for he was not hero enough for that. He certainly took away all the fire engines, and set 700 of the lowest criminals loose, and in all probability these and the French soldiers occasioned the fire. He is also of opinion that the burning of Moscow was not of such importance as has been attributed to it. He considers that Napoleon could not possibly have remained in Moscow during the winter, because he would have been utterly deprived of provisions. The Cossacks of the Don would have cut off his communication, and the storehouses in the city would not have supported 150,000 French through a long Russian winter.

Among the personal experiences of Herr Von Wickedé, he relates the following as to what he saw on the line of the French retreat from Russia:

"The most furious, as is always the case when the passions are let loose, were the women, who at this time resembled furies, although ordinarily the Russian peasant women are very gentle, good-humored and submissive. I saw a well-dressed, pretty woman pluck the heart out of the still quivering body of a French Grenadier, and show it in triumph to the mob. I could describe here a number of similar scenes. We often found the corpses of Frenchmen hung by their feet from the trees, so that they must have perished in torture; others had been sawn asunder between planks, or bound to horses' feet and dragged across country till they expired."

Among the horrors of which our author was witness, while engaged in scouting in the rear of the retreating French, was one that made a deep impression. On a bitterly cold day he came up with a deserted peasant's sleigh; on raising the covering, he saw a dead officer, whose feet had been shot away, lying by the side of the corpses of two little girls who must have died either of cold or hunger, and still holding in their hands strips of frozen horsefeathers. In one corner cowered a skeleton of a lady, wrapped up in furs, who, in a weak voice implored food for her infant, which she was holding close to her bosom to keep it warm. When she held it up to excite compassion, the hussars saw that it was dead. The mother, on seeing this, became desperate, snatched a pistol from the belt of a Cossack, and shot herself through the head. We have heard much of the barbarities and horrors of war in our country during the past year, but of nothing rivaling those described by Herr Von Wickedé.

The Golden Rule of War.

THE Count Gurowski has published an article entitled "War," in which he contends that it has one cardinal, absolute rule—"Rapidity of Movement." This has been illustrated by the success of Burnside, Pope, Curtis and Mitchell, on our side, and by that of Price and Jackson (to say nothing of Ashby) on the other. The deepest humiliations we have suffered have resulted from an opposite policy, witness Bowling Green, Corinth, Manassas, Yorktown and Richmond. Says the Count:

"To rapidity of movement all the great captains owe their fame, their victories and conquests, recorded in history. From Cyrus down to Stonewall Jackson, rapidity of movement and its result, surprise of the enemy, assured all the victories. Justness of eye, quickness in appreciating the exigencies on a given field of battle, rapidity to profit by the eventual faults of the enemy, insight into the enemy's aims, and, finally, the inspiration of the moment, this highest gift and attribute of a military genius, all are corollaries to the above-named golden rule. Always un-deciding, all-powerful, it remained the same with the various tactics. It was decisive for the Macedonian phalanx, for the Roman legions, and for our modern regiments, brigades and divisions.

"To his lightning-like rapidity of movements Alexander the Great was indebted, not only for his victories on the Granicus and on the plains of Arbela, but also those conquests from the Nile to Bactria and India. Hannibal surprised the Romans by the rapidity of his march from Spain

to Italy, and by that other with which he pounced upon them on the Ticino, at Trasimene, at Cannæ. Any one familiar with Caesar's annals admires the almost unsurpassed rapidity with which he moved his legions in Gallia—a country then without roads—and afterward in all parts of the world or the Roman Empire.

"Gustavus of Sweden, with a force of about 30,000 men, moved in all directions of Germany, between the Rhine and the Elbe, dealing blow after blow at his panic-stricken enemies.

"Charles XII, for years owed his success to his restless military mobility. Frederick the Great, a sovereign of about 4,000,000 of subjects, had at one time on his hands, France, Austria, Russia and Saxony with an aggregate of about 63,000,000 of inhabitants. With his little army he moved, shuttling, from Brandenburg to Silesia, Bohemia and Saxony, bearding and whipping his numerous enemies.

"Napoleon terrified the Old World by the torrent-like rapidity with which he rushed from the Alps, flying rather than marching from the frontiers of France to those of Istria and Tyrol. His campaigns of Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz and Jena are one uninterrupted consecration of the golden rule. When Napoleon's rapid movements were crowned by taking Mack and his army prisoners at Ulm, the French soldiers taunted their leader by saying that hitherto he had won battles with their arms, but now he won them with their legs. Our only successes are won by the rapid movements of Pope, Grant, Mitchell and Morgan (in Tennessee), and our disasters are inflicted by the ubiquitous Stonewall Jackson.

"Military history teaches that the great and rapidly moving commanders seldom, if ever, have the choice of a field of battle prepared, selected for weeks, nay, even days before; nor do they mature their plans during weeks and weeks for a battle, to be fought when they reach the enemy. Reason shows that such far-reaching routine is impossible. Those who attack an enemy do it rather on a field selected and prepared by the enemy, this being the logical consequence of their rapid, bold military tactics. Napoleon scarcely ever had the choice of a field of battle; certainly not in the beginning of his career in Italy; not in the plains under the Pyramids; not in the great plains of Marengo when he rather by an accident came in contact with the Austrian army nearly twice as numerous as his, and, above all, outnumbering him by numerous and excellent cavalry, of which he (Napoleon) had scarcely a handful. Napoleon selected not the immortal field of battle of Austerlitz, but his enemies. At Austerlitz Gen. Weirotter, the military adviser of Alexander of Russia, inaugurated strategy. Austerlitz was selected by the allied Austrians and Russians as the most favorable strategic point, and by strategy Napoleon and his army were to be annihilated. Napoleon, who despised strategy, overthrew at Austerlitz the allied armies and the Austrian empire was lost. Napoleon had no choice of the fields of Jena or Eylau, but found at Jena the Prussians—at Eylau the Russians—fought, won and overthrew Prussia. Napoleon had not the choice of Wagram, where his army was cut in two by the Danube, then extraordinarily swollen. But he won that day, and for the second time Austria lay at his feet. He selected not Smolensk or Borodino.

"Any student of the Napoleonic campaigns will find that even handled with greater ease smaller than larger numbers. So in his Italian campaign, so at Marengo, so at Austerlitz. Reason and logic establish that it must be so, no longer the line, the larger the number, the more difficult to make them move as one man, the more numerous the physical and the intellectual impediments."

General Pope.

GEN. POPE has issued the following address to his army

WASHINGTON, July 14, 1862.

TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA: By special assignment of the President of the United States, I have assumed command of this army.

I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition and your wants; in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in positions from which you can act promptly and to the purpose. I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies—from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when found—whose policy has been to attack, and not to defend.

In but one instance has the enemy been able to place our Western armies in a defensive attitude.

I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy.

It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily.

I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving. That opportunity I shall endeavor to give you.

Meantime, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find in vogue amongst you.

I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them—of lines of retreat and of bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas.

The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy.

Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves.

Let us look before, and not behind.

Success and glory are in the advance.

Disaster and shame lurk in the rear.

Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your names will be dear to your countrymen for ever.

JOHN POPE, Major-General Commanding.

He has since taken possession of Gordonsville, 74 miles north-west of Richmond, and a most important place, since there the lines of the Alexandria and Orange and the Virginia Central railroad join. Over the latter road the Richmond rebels obtain three-fourths of their supplies, and it has hitherto been the great route which Stonewall Jackson and other rebel marauders have taken in their raids upon the Shenandoah Valley, and then rushed back to the rebel capital again.

GEN. BANKS.—Some sympathizer with treason in the House of Representatives recently made a "fuss" over the allegation that Gen. Banks, in his retreat up the Shenandoah valley, had allowed negroes ("fugitive from service," probably), to ride in the Government wagons. The following paragraph is from Gen. Banks's reply:

"The rear guard, infantry and artillery, halted in the rear of Martinsburg from 2 o'clock till evening. When at a considerable distance of our march, we overtook a small party on foot. My attention was attracted by a little girl about eight years of age, who was toddling over the stones by the wayside, and I asked her how far she had travelled."

"From Winchester," she said. We were then about 27 miles on our march. I requested the canonizer to give her a lift, and the gallant man who he hung upon the rear of the column for its defence the greatest part of the distance, answered with alacrity. No successful efforts were made to ascertain her complexion, but it is not impossible that she belonged to the class referred to in the resolution, and that her little limbs had been strengthened by some vague dream of liberty, to be lost or won in that hurried night march."

"ENAMELLING."—All London has been greatly amused with an "enamelling case," as it is termed in the papers, in which a certain Mrs. Leverston sued the Hon. Mrs. Carnegie for \$4,000. She had, she said, enamelled the lady's face, neck and bosom four times, and deemed this charge only fair remuneration. She had, however, over-shot her mark, and the jury found for the defendant. Mrs. Leverston stated, in evidence, that she did not paint; she only employed a liquid which made the skin transparent, and rendered her patient "beautiful for ever." She forgot to mention the price the beautified one must pay, viz., premature old age, and liability to all manner of skin diseases. The practice is common all over the East, and in Syria, as Miss Rogers says, brides "enamel" themselves all over. The liquid used destroys the millions of little hairs growing in the pores of the skin, leaving it brightly transparent and glossy, but with a liability to shrivel into thousands of little wrinkles. Oriental wise women affirm that pure oil applied for weeks will produce the same effect, without the same consequences, a fact we record for the benefit of all who dread both fading and Madame Leverston.

MASSACHUSETTS FINANCES.—The \$350,000 additional to the "Union Fund" scrip of Massachusetts five per cent. has all been taken up at an advance of one and a half per cent. premium. The total amount of the bids therefor was \$2,794,500.

A VERY interesting musical publication of the olden time has been placed in our hands, and its antiquity, and the earnest desire expressed in the preface for "singing Psalms after a regular manner," conclusively proves that the Puritan Fathers brought with them to the rock of Plymouth that love of church music and that devotion to the Divine Art which, at the present day, so greatly distinguish their descendants. Among the names appended to the preface will be found many sacred to New England, and still cherished and honored by the present generation.

The following is the "Recommendatory Preface" to the work, the title of which is *The Grounds and Rules of Music explained; or, An Introduction to the Art of Singing by Note*. Fitted to the meanest ca-

padity. By Thomas Walter, M. D. Recommended by several Ministers. Boston: Printed for Samuel Gerrish, 1746.

"An ingenious Hand having prepared instructions to direct them that would learn to sing Psalms after a regular manner; and it being thought proper that we should signify unto the public some of our sentiments on this occasion, we do declare, that we rejoice in good help for a beautiful and laudable performance of that holy service wherein we are to glorify God, and edify one another with the spiritual songs wherewith he hath enriched us.

"Signed—Peter Thatcher, Joseph Sewell, Thomas Prince, John Webb, William Cooper, Thomas Foxcroft, Samuel Cheekley, Increase Mather, Cotton Mather, Nehemiah Walter, Joseph Belcher, Benj. Wadsworth, Benj. Coleman, Nathaniel Williams and Nathaniel Hunting. Boston, April 18, 1721."

GULLIVER, JR.—The "horrible condition of things" which prevails in our city will be made known to our citizens (for the first time) by the following extract from the London *Weekly Dispatch*. The shuddering italics are in the original:

"What the ladies are fast becoming, even in New York, may be guessed by the narrative of an eye-witness of the effect of the frame of soldiers through the town. 'I met girls and women by thousands, at 10 or 11 o'clock at night, going home alone without male attendants. They had been to cheer the departing regiments. It carries a magic power with it. 'You are a pretty girl, will you marry me when I come back?' 'Yes, what is your name? If you get wounded I will.' 'Edward Ruggles, Company B, 8th regiment, Massachusetts.' 'I'll write you—my name is Mary Ayman.' Thousands of such short talks the soldiers walk rapidly on. They know that these girls are of the highest and best class. These sudden attachments are of the soldiers. Her manner and looks, for it was an eye-witness, indicated her being the daughter of a South street merchant, and one of our oldest families. She will be as sure to let that soldier hear from her as that she lives! It is but the Cossack and the Kalmuck thinly lacquered by civilization."

VOICES.—We have had lately expressions on the conduct of the war from both the statesman and the soldier. Says Gov. Johnson, of Tennessee:

"The strong arm of the Government must be bared, and justice must be done. We may as well understand the fact first as last, and go to work rationally. * * * If you persist in forcing the issue of slavery against this Government, I say in the face of Heaven, give me your Government, and let the negro go."

Said Maj.-Gen. Wallace, in a recent speech at Washington:

"Oh, if I could get a little backbone into those who are governing us. If I could but stimulate them to the point of courage where they dare do their duty as our soldiers in the field dare to march to the cannon's mouth, and could induce them to let us make war, that is all I ask. * * * I have as much prejudice against the negro politically, and am as much opposed to slavery agitation as any of you can be. Yet when he can be made available, let us make him so. He would be a poor soldier, in my opinion, who would fall to use every element of war which God Almighty gave him, if he could use it to his advantage."

Of the same purport is the language of Gen. Rousseau, of Kentucky:

"I am for the Government of the United States against all its enemies. I hope and pray that our Southern friends will not force us to extremes on this sensitive point. I would to-day most willingly gird on my sword, and fight for any right belonging to them, slavery included, but they must not put slavery between me and the Government and laws of the United States. I will not consent to become a slave that the negro may be kept a slave. I will not sacrifice the happiness of my wife, children and friends, the welfare of my beloved State, and the glory of my country, on any altar dedicated to the 'chucky idol.' When I see placed on one side a Government formed by the noblest men the world has ever produced, the legacy of Washington to the human race, a glorious country, filled with happy and enlightened people, and admired or feared on every spot that is trodden by the foot of civilized man, and on the other a country rent into insignificant fragments, engaged in continual wars with each other, each on its knees begging assistance from some foreign monarch or other against a rival regiment, an object of contempt to him who uses it for his own purpose, then I shall not be long in coming to a decision, though negro slavery may be on one side, and not on the other."

THE Francis Skiddy still maintains its reputation among the Hudson River travellers. It is certainly one of the swiftest and most comfortable boats on the river, and its officers are attentive and competent. A trip up the Hudson should be made in the Francis Skiddy.

NEW JERSEY SAMARITANS.—One morning last week, a Union soldier named Demarest was found dead near Fox Hill, Hoboken, within 20 yards of several houses. Medical examination proved that he had received a shot through his leg, which, severing the femoral artery, resulted in his bleeding to death. At the inquest, the following witnesses thus testified to their conduct on the occasion:

William H. Gardner, of West Hoboken, deposed that on Monday night last, about 9 o'clock, while in company with four persons, on his way home, in passing along the West Hoboken road, the party heard groans; they all went to the place from whence the sound proceeded, and found a man lying on the grass, apparently in great agony; witness asked him what had happened to him, when the deceased answered that he had been shot in the knee by some unknown person, complained of great pain, and then cried out, "For God's sake, for God's sake, bring me a drop of water; witness could not comply with the request, as no water was to be found.

Coroner Bohndorf.—Why didn't you run to the nearest house, sir?

Witness.—Because I did not see any light, and hee was the night was very dark and it seemed dangerous; the deceased continued to groan, when suddenly our party heard a carriage on the road; one of our number ran out and stopped it; it contained three men and a female; the man alighted and went up to the deceased; one of the two said he was drunk, and had probably fallen down and cut his leg; he suggested that we straighten the deceased out, place his cap under his head and leave him to sleep until morning; our party told him if they were going to Hoboken to send up a carriage and we would have deceased cared for; they assented and departed, but no conveyance arrived; we then fixed the deceased in an easy position and went on towards our residences at West Hoboken. Considerable feeling was manifested during this testimony.

James McCadden, of West Hoboken, deposed that he was one of the party with the previous witness on Monday night, and corroborated his testimony; his own impression was that deceased was drunk.

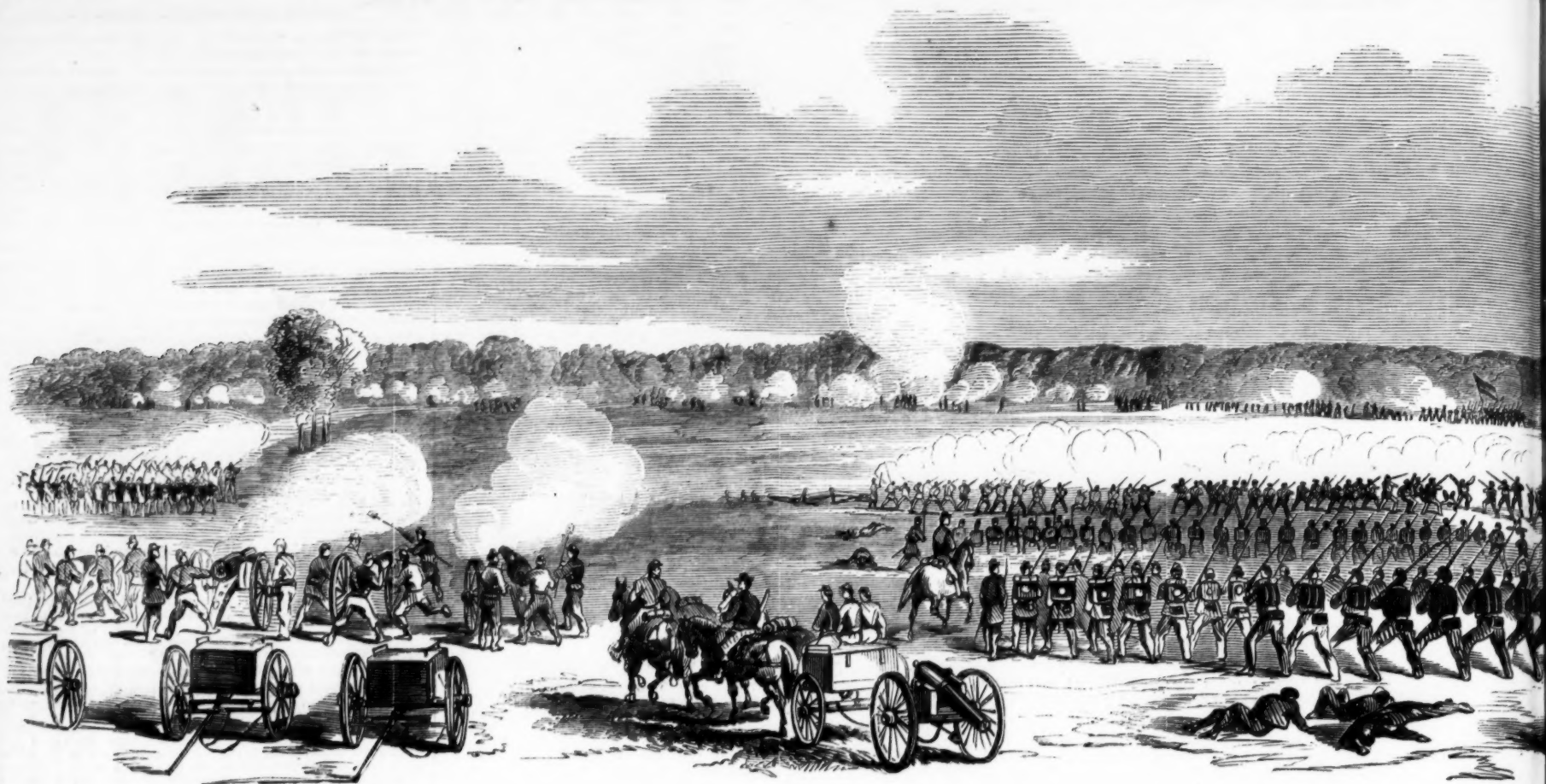
Comment is superfluous. We suggest, however, that the comrades of his twice murdered soldier owe a tribute to this Jersey Quintette which ought to be paid.

PROMPT measures are being taken to suppress the demonstration of the rebel guerillas in Tennessee and Kentucky. Gen. Nelson arrived at Nashville on Thursday, with heavy reinforcements, and assumed command there. At Lexington, Ky., Gen. Green Clay Smith is in command of the National forces, and there is every prospect that he will soon put a stop to Morgan's operations, both in marauding and recruiting. The last act of the guerillas was the occupation of the town of Henderson, Ky., on the Mississippi river, below Louisville. They do not appear to have done much damage there, however.

SAVAGE EXPEDIENT TO OBTAIN WATER.—Livingstone, the African traveller, describes an ingenious method by which the Africans obtain water in the desert. The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed, about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach, then run down the wet sand around it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises to the mouth. It will be seen that this simple and truly philosophical and effective method might have been applied in many cases, in different countries, where water was greatly needed, to the saving of life. It seems wonderful that it should have been new first known to the world, and that it should have been habitually practised in Africa probably for centuries. It seems worthy of being particularly noticed, that it may no longer be neglected from ignorance. It may be highly important to the explorers in our deserts and prairies, is some part of which water is known to exist below the surface of the earth.

A DASHING CHAPLAIN.—The chaplain of the Vermont cavalry regiment, Rev. Mr. Woodward of Burlington, is about as plucky a chaplain as there is in the service. He frequently accompanies scouting parties, and as his horse is one of the finest in the regiment, he is often in advance of the party when there are rebels to be chased. Not long since, in the Shenandoah valley, Mr. Woodward, single-handed, ran down and captured two of Ashby's rebel cavalry, and would have bagged the third if it had not been for the unfortunate circumstance that while drawing his pistol to send a leaden messenger after a flying rebel who would not heed his summons to surrender, the chaplain shot his own horse through the neck. The horse was not very seriously wounded, however, and the chaplain regained the regiment, bringing his two captives with him.

THERE were no ifs about the last naval battle on the Mississippi; and yet it must be confessed there were a good many butts.



THE BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND—BATTLE OF SAVAGE'S STATION—BRIGADIER-GENERAL SMITH'S DIVISION

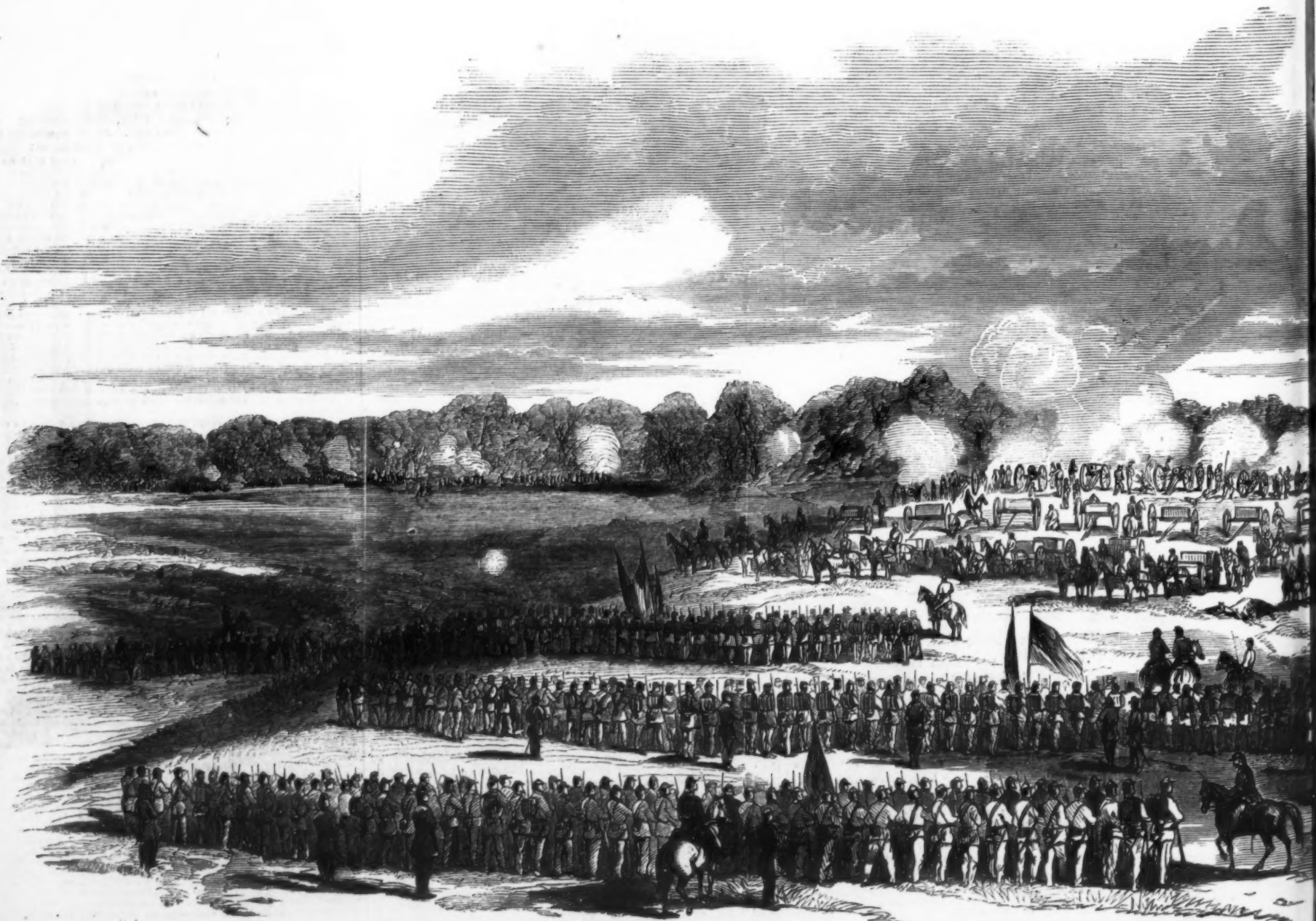
GALLANT CAPTURE OF THE BRITISH STEAMER Anne, from under the Guns of Fort Morgan.

We have again to illustrate the successful daring of our navy. The night of June 29th, being very dark, was adroitly chosen by the captain of the British steamer Anne for running past our blockading squadron stationed off Mobile, and when the next morning dawned the officers of the United States steamer Susquehanna had the mortification of seeing a large steamer at anchor under the guns of Fort Morgan, and very deliberately discharging her cargo into a rebel steamer alongside. Lights had been kept burning on

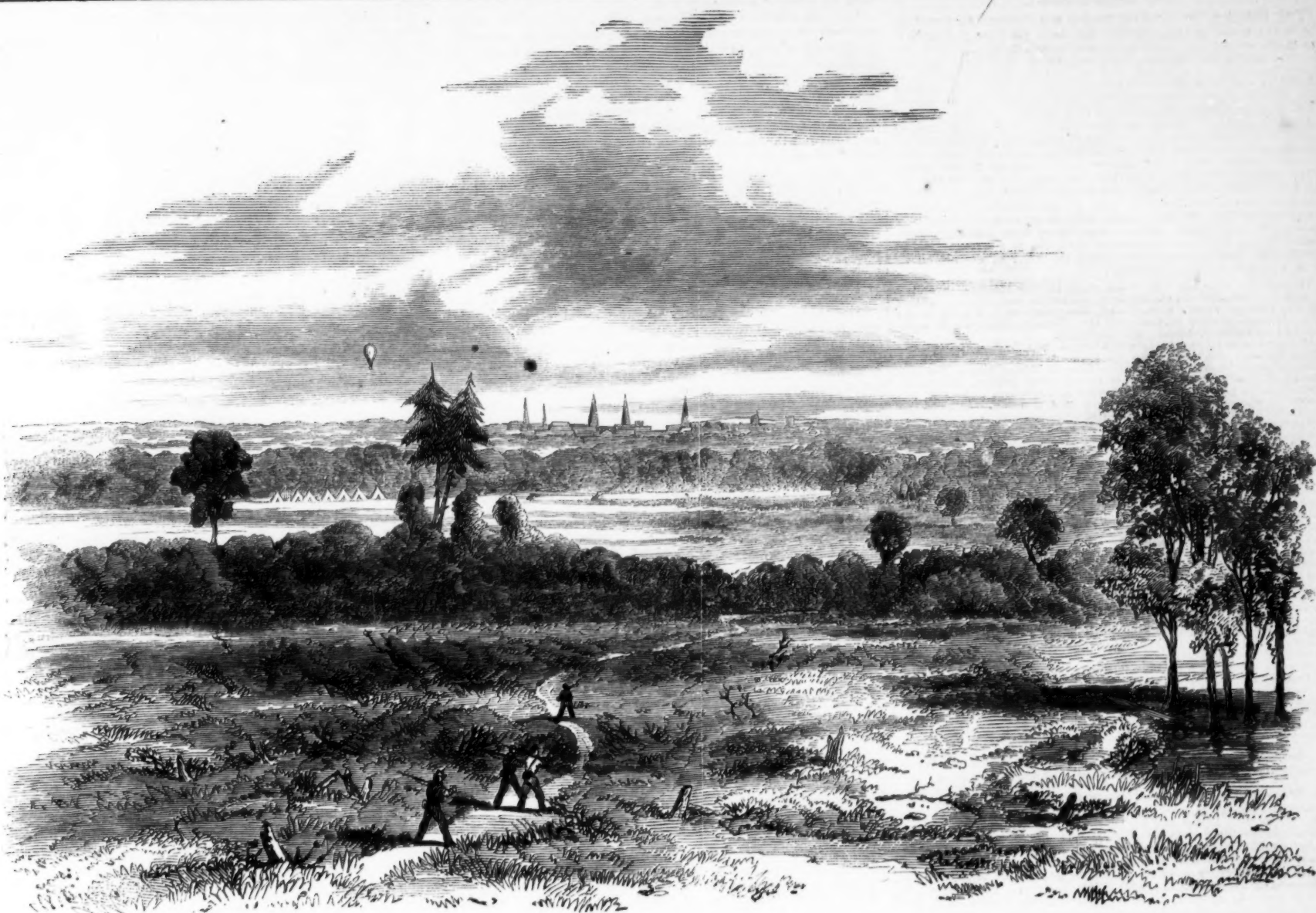
the fort all night, so that she had no trouble in finding the channel. After a short consultation, it was resolved to capture the strange steamer, for which purpose the Susquehanna, accompanied by the gunboat Kanawha, got under weigh, and steaming within gunshot opened fire upon her. The fire was promptly and vigorously returned by the fort, and was kept up for an hour on both sides with great spirit, our vessels paying particular attention to the Anne, the crew of which vessel, finding the shells falling too thickly about them, abandoned her in the greatest haste. The vessel immediately began to drift, when the Kanawha, in the face of a tremendous fire from Fort Morgan, boarded her and brought her out safely, a feat which

Acting-Master Partridge performed in fine style. When he went on board he found the Anne in a sinking condition, her injection pipe having been cut, and the Kingston valve left open. The engine and fireroom were soon filled with water, but as she was built in four watertight compartments, and the communication between them had not been opened, only one of the compartments was filled. Through the persevering efforts of the officers of the Susquehanna and Kanawha, the leak was stopped and the water pumped out. The cargo of the captured vessel consisted of gunpowder, arms, cartridge-boxes, coffee, tea, pepper and goods equally valuable to the South.

A crew was put on board this most valuable prize, and she sailed from Mobile Bay on the 4th of July, arrived at Key West on the 7th, where she remained two days; she then sailed for New York, where she arrived on the 16th of July.



THE BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND—BATTLE OF GAINES' HILL—4 O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON



REBEL BALLOON RECONNOISSANCE FROM RICHMOND, THURSDAY, JUNE 26.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN NEAR FAIR OAKS, 4 MILES FROM RICHMOND, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM WAUD.



THE BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND—CHARGE OF THE JERSEY BRIGADE—THE FIRST NEW JERSEY BRIGADE, GEN. TAYLER, DETACHING ITSELF FROM GEN. SLOCUM'S DIVISION, AND RUSHING TO THE SUPPORT OF GEN. KEARNEY'S DIVISION, WHICH HAD BEEN DRIVEN BACK, THUS TURNING THE FORTUNES OF THE DAY AT CHARLES CITY ROAD, MONDAY, JUNE 30, 6 O'CLOCK P. M.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM WAUD.

THE BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND.

Our Illustrations.

THE sketches we present to-day are beyond all question the most interesting and authentic that have yet been published of the recent momentous battle before Richmond, in which two of our Special Artists, Mr. William Waud and Mr. J. W. Schell, were present—the former with the rear division and the latter with General McClellan and his Staff. In addition to these, we have had sketches from volunteer artists, whose distinguished position does not permit us to more particularly acknowledge their services. In our previous papers we have so completely described the great encounters of this week illustrate, that we have only to refer to our former articles. The more minute details which reach us from day to day confirm our first impression, that never before in the history of the world, from Marathon to Napoleon, has the same army fought six battles on six successive days, and despite overwhelming numbers and fresh troops, supplied, as it were, for the occasion, maintaining an unbroken front till their weary pilgrimage of battle done, they gain a new and stronger position, signaling their last day's fight with a victory which has hurled back their foe to the very walls of Richmond. The following extract from the letter of a rebel officer of high rank will prove interesting:

The advance upon the enemy was made in four columns, according to orders. Gen. Jackson started from Ashland in two columns, pursuing two different roads. Gen. Stuart, about four or five miles to his left, advanced another column, and Gen. Branch, about six or eight miles to his right, advanced a fourth column.

Of the army at Richmond, Branch's brigade was the first to cross the Chick-hominy. Marching down the northern bank, they swept everything before them, skirmishing all the time till the balance of our division (A. P. Hill's), was enabled to cross at Meadow Bridge. The whole division then pressed on to Mechanicsville, attacked and drove the enemy from the batteries commanding that crossing. This enabled D. H. Hill and Longstreet to cross with their divisions.

The next morning (Friday), the batteries, about a mile in the rear of Mechanicsville, were carried. Our single division failed to carry them the night before. Then D. H. Hill marched over to support Jackson, and the general supported us. The pursuit was continued till the enemy made his stand at Coal Harbor. A. P. Hill put his division right in, and from four o'clock till seven it engaged the enemy. Reinforcements were coming up constantly; but our forces were generally outnumbered till Jackson came upon the ground, between seven and eight o'clock. Then a united charge of the whole line, with orders to fire but a single shot, and then give them the steel, put the enemy to rout. If Jackson had not arrived, I do not believe that we would have driven the enemy from the field; but surely some credit is due to those who had been fighting for three hours before his arrival, and who joined him in the last grand charge.

Saturday was a day of rest. Sunday our division was put in march across the Chick-hominy—pursued the enemy all day—continued the pursuit on Monday, and joined battle, still the advance division, and Branch's brigade the advance brigade on Monday afternoon. Tuesday, Gen. Lee said we had done our share, and held us as a reserve.

Now, having marched further than any other brigade, being engaged from the beginning to the end of the march, having fought five pitched battles in as many days, having sustained a terrible loss, is it not singular that the Richmond papers are not aware even of our existence. Two-thirds of the brigade have been placed *hors du combat*. Two out of five Colonels have been killed. The other three were wounded. Out of 12 field officers only two have escaped unhurt. The 28th, 33d and 37th suffered heavily. The 7th was literally cut to pieces, losing largely more than one-half of officers and men. The 18th has less than 200 men fit for duty—considerably less. The three field officers were wounded—eight out of 10 company commanders were wounded. Only 13 out of 40 company officers are left for duty. The whole brigade charged battery after battery; yet, as they have no newspaper correspondents attached to their regiments, their existence is unknown.

Review of the Union Army by the President.

OUR Artist says that the review of Gen. McClellan's army by the President was a very interesting spectacle. It commenced at sunset and stretched into the night, when beneath a brilliant moonlight the review concluded. Before adjourning to take some refreshment, the President mounted the stump of a tree, and made a short and stirring speech, which called forth the loudest acclamations. He passed along the lines, attended by Gen. McClellan and staff, and when the moon rose the scene was very remarkable. His tall figure, riding by the side of the somewhat undersized commander of the army of the Potomac, pointed him out, like Saul of old, as a natural chief.

Rebel Balloon Reconnoissance.

The nearest approach our Artist made to the beleaguered city was on a hill, just in front of Fair Oaks. While here he was attracted by a balloon hovering over the rebel capital. Ascending a tree, Mr. Waud had a fine view of the scene before him, and Artist-like made a sketch of it which we have engraved. It will be observed that between Fair Oaks and Richmond there is a deep ravine, which is its principal fortification.

Virginia Farmers Firing upon Unarmed Union Soldiers.

The circumstances attending the cowardly outrage of the Virginia farmers on our unarmed soldiers are briefly these. When the army reached Carter's Landing, which is very near Turkey's Bend, a number of our straggling unarmed soldiers went to the river's side, and taking possession of some boats, amused themselves by rowing. A party of six seeing some cottages on the other side of the river crossed over and opened a friendly conversation with the female occupants of the dwellings. While thus engaged a number of farmers, who were reaping in an adjoining field, came down upon them with shotguns and rifles, and without a word of warning commenced firing upon the Union soldiers. Perfectly defenceless, our men rushed into the river until the water was up to their necks. Thus partly protected they remained exposed to the fire of their cowardly assassins. The man who had been left in charge of the boat, unworthy of being an American, having helped one of the men into the boat, and more anxious to save his own cowardly existence than save his companions, now commenced pulling for the other side, under a fire of bullets, and his comrades, while raising the oars, was shot in the body and dangerously wounded. The other Union soldiers, finding themselves deserted, threw up their hands in token of submission, walked out of the water, and surrendered to the Virginia farmers, part of whom returned to their agricultural pursuits, while others took charge of their prisoners. Our Artist, who was on the opposite side of the river, says it was a very striking scene. He particularly admires the bloodthirsty gusto with which the farmers fired at their unarmed victims, and the nonchalance with which they afterwards returned to "cutting their corn."

AURORA FLOYD.

CHAPTER XVI.—MR. JAMES CONYERS.

THE first week in July brought James Conyers, the new trainer, to Mellish Park. John had made no particular inquiries as to the man's character of any of his former employers, as a word from Mr. Pastern was all sufficient.

Mr. Mellish had endeavored to discover the cause of Aurora's agitation at the reading of Mr. Pastern's letter. She had fallen like a dead creature at his feet; she had been hysterical throughout the remainder of the day, and delirious in the ensuing night, but she had not uttered one word calculated to throw any light upon the secret of her strange manifestation of emotion.

Her husband sat by her bedside upon the day after that on which she had fallen into the death-like swoon; watching her with a grave, anxious face, and earnest eyes that never wandered from her own.

He was suffering very much the same agony that Talbot Bulstrode had endured at Felden on the receipt of his mother's letter. The dark wall was slowly rising and separating him from the woman he loved. He was now to discover the tortures known only to the husband whose wife is parted from him by that which has more power to sever than any width of land or wild extent of ocean—a secret.

He watched the pale face lying on the pillow; the large, black, haggard eyes, wide open, and looking blankly out at the far-away purple tree-tops in the horizon; but there was no clue to the mystery in any line of that beloved countenance; there was little more than an expression of weariness, as if the soul, looking out of that white

face, was so utterly enfeebled as to have lost all power to feel anything but a vague yearning for rest.

The wide casement-windows were open, but the day was hot and oppressive—oppressively still and sunny; the landscape sweltering under a yellow haze, as if the very atmosphere had been opaque with melted gold. Even the roses in the garden seemed to feel the influence of the blazing summer sky, dropping their heavy heads like human sufferers from headache. The mastiff Bow-wow, lying under an acacia upon the lawn, was as peevish as any capricious elderly gentleman, and snapped spitefully at a frivolous butterfly that wheeled and spun and threw summersaults about the dog's head. Beautiful as was this summer's day, it was one on which people are apt to lose their tempers, and quarrel with each other, by reason of the heat; every man feeling a secret conviction that his neighbor is in some way to blame for the sultriness of the atmosphere, and that it would be cooler if he were out of the way. It was one of those days on which invalids are especially fractious, and hospital nurses murmur at their vocation; a day on which third-class passengers travelling long distances by excursion-train are savagely clamorous for beer at every station, and hate each other for the narrowness and hardness of the carriage-seats, and for the inadequate means of ventilation provided by the railway company; a day on which stern business men revolt against the ceaseless grinding of the wheel, and, suddenly reckless of consequences, rush wildly to the Crown and Sceptre to cool their overheated systems with water so cold and still; a day, an abnormal day, upon which the machinery of everyday life gets out of order, and runs riot throughout twelve suffocating hours.

John Mellish, sitting patiently by his wife's side, thought very little of the summer weather. I doubt if he knew whether the month was January or June. For him earth only held one creature, and she was ill and in distress—distress from which he was powerless to save her—distress the very nature of which he was ignorant.

His voice trembled when he spoke to her.

"My darling, you have been very ill," he said.

She looked at him with a smile so unlike her own that it was more painful to him to see than the loudest agony of tears, and stretched out her hand. He took the burning hand in his, and held it while he talked to her.

"Yes, dearest, you have been ill; but Morton says the attack was merely hysterical, and that you will be yourself again to-morrow, so there's no occasion for anxiety on that score. What grieves me, darling, is to see that there is something on your mind; something which has been the real cause of your illness."

She turned her face upon the pillow, and tried to snatch her hand from his in her impatience, but he held it tightly in both his own.

"Does my speaking of yesterday distress you, Aurora?" he asked gravely.

"Distress me? Oh, no!"

"Then tell me, darling, why the mention of that man, the trainer's name, had such a terrible effect upon you?"

"The doctor told you that the attack was hysterical," she said coldly; "I suppose I was hysterical and nervous yesterday."

"But the name, Aurora, the name. This James Conyers, who is he?" He felt the hand he held tighten convulsively upon his own, as he mentioned the trainer's name.

"Who is this man? Tell me, Aurora. For God's sake, tell me the truth."

She turned her face towards him once more, as he said this.

"If you only want the truth from me, John, you must ask me nothing. Remember what I said to you at the Chateau d'Arques. It was a secret that parted me from Talbot Bulstrode. You trusted me then, John—you must trust me to the end; or if you cannot trust me, I—she stopped suddenly, and the tears welled slowly up to her large, mournful eyes, as she looked at her husband.

"What, dearest?"

"We must part, as Talbot and I parted."

"Part?" he cried; "my love, my love! Do you think there is anything upon this earth strong enough to part us, except death? Do you think that any combination of circumstances, however strange, however inexplicable, would ever cause me to doubt your honor, or to tremble for my own? Could I be here if I doubted you? Could I sit by your side, asking you these questions, if I feared the issue? Nothing that shakes my confidence; nothing can. But have pity on me; think how bitter a grief it is to sit here, with your hand in mine, and to know that there is a secret between us. Aurora, tell me—his man, this Conyers—what is he, and who is he?"

"You know that as well as I do. A groom once, afterwards a jockey, and now a trainer."

"But you know him?"

"I have seen him."

"When?"

"Some years ago, when he was in my father's service."

John Mellish breathed more freely for a moment. The man had been a groom at Felden Woods, that was all. This accounted for the fact of Aurora's recognizing his name, but not for her agitation. He was no nearer the clue to the mystery than before.

"James Conyers was in your father's service," he said thoughtfully; "but why should the mention of his name yesterday have caused you such emotion?"

"I cannot tell you."

"It is another secret, then, Aurora," he said reproachfully; "or has this man anything to do with the old secret of which you told me at the Chateau d'Arques?"

She did not answer him.

"Ah, I see; I understand, Aurora," he added, after a pause. "This man was a servant at Felden Woods; a spy, perhaps; and he discovered the secret, and traded upon it, as servants often have done before. This caused your agitation at hearing his name. You were afraid that he would come here and annoy you, making use of this secret to extort money, and keeping you in perpetual terror of him. I think I can understand it all. I am right, am I not?"

She looked at him with something of the expression of a hunted animal that finds itself at bay.

"Yes, John."

"This man—this groom—knows something of—of the secret."

"He does."

John Mellish turned away his head, and buried his face in his hands. What cruel anguish! what bitter degradation! This man, a groom, a servant, was in the confidence of his wife, and had such power to harass and alarm her that the very mention of his name was enough to cast her to the earth, as if stricken by sudden death. What, in the name of Heaven, could this secret be, which was in the keeping of a servant, and yet could not be told to him? He bit his lip till his strong teeth met upon the quivering flesh, in the silent agony of that thought. What could it be? He had sworn, only a minute before, to trust in her blindly to the end; and yet, and yet—His massive frame shook from head to heel in that noiseless struggle; doubt and despair rose like twin-demons in his soul; but he wrestled with them, and overcame them; and, turning with a white face to his wife, said quietly,

"I will press these painful questions no further, Aurora. I will write to Pastern, and tell him that the man will not suit us; and—"

He was rising to leave her bedside, when she laid her hand upon his arm.

"Don't write to Mr. Pastern, John," she said; "the man will suit you very well, I dare say. I had rather he came."

"You wish him to come here?"

"Yes."

"But he will annoy you; he will try to extort money from you."

"He would do that in any case, since he is alive. I thought that he was dead."

"Then you really wish him to come here?"

"I do."

John Mellish left his wife's room inexpressibly relieved. The secret could not be so very terrible after all, since she was willing that the man who knew it should come to Mellish Park; where there was at least a remote chance of his revealing it to her husband. Perhaps, after all, this mystery involved others rather than herself—her father's commercial integrity—her mother? He had heard very little of her mother's history—perhaps she—Pshaw, why weary himself with speculative surmises? he had promised to trust her, and the hour had come in which he was called upon to keep his promise. He wrote to Mr. Pastern, accepting his recommendation of James Conyers, and waited rather impatiently to see what kind of man the trainer was.

He received a letter from Conyers, very well written and worded,

to the effect that he would arrive at Mellish Park upon the 3d of July.

Aurora had recovered from her brief hysterical attack when this letter arrived; but as she was still weak and out of spirits, her medical man recommended change of air; so Mr. and Mrs. Mellish drove off to Harrogate upon the 28th of June, leaving Mrs. Powell behind them at the park.

The ensign's widow had been scrupulously kept out of Aurora's room during her short illness; being held at bay by John, who coolly shut the door in the lady's sympathetic face, telling her that he'd wait upon his wife himself, and that when he wanted female assistance he would ring for Mrs. Mellish's maid.

Now Mrs. Walter Powell, being afflicted with that ravenous curiosity common to people who live in other people's houses, felt herself deeply injured by this line of conduct. There were mysteries and secrets about, and she was not to be allowed to discover them; there was a skeleton in the house, and she was not to anatomize the bony horror. She scented trouble and sorrow as carnivorous animals scent their prey; and yet she who hated Aurora was not to be allowed to riot at the unnatural feast.

Why is it that the dependents of a household are so feverishly inquisitive about the doings and sayings, the manners and customs, the joys and sorrows of those who employ them? Is it that, having abnegated for themselves all active share in life, they take an unhealthy interest in those who are in the thick of the strife? Is it because, being cut off in a great measure by the nature of their employment from family ties and family pleasures, they feel a malicious delight in all family trials and vexations, and the ever-recurring breezes which disturb the domestic atmosphere. Remember this, husbands and wives, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, brothers and sisters, when you quarrel. Your servants enjoy the fun.

Surely that recollection ought to be enough to keep you for ever peaceful and friendly. Your servants listen at your doors and repeat your spiteful speeches in the kitchen, and watch you while they wait at table, and understand every sarcasm, every insult, every look, as well as those at whom the cruel glances and the stinging words are aimed. They understand your sulky silence, your studied and over-acted politeness. The most polished form your hate and anger can take is as transparent to those household spies as if you threw knives at each other, or pelted your enemy with the side-dishes and vegetables, after the fashion of disputants in a pantomime.

Nothing that is done in the parlor is lost upon these quiet, well-behaved watchers from the kitchen. They laugh at you—nay, worse! they pity you. They discuss your affairs, and make out your income, and settle what you can afford to do and what you can't afford to do; they pre-arrange the disposal of your wife's fortune, and look prophetically forward to the day when you will avail yourself of the advantages of the new Bankruptcy Act. They know why you live on bad terms with your eldest daughter, and why your favorite son was turned out of doors; and they take a morbid interest in every dismal secret of your life.

You don't allow them followers; you look backer than thunder if you see Mary's sister or John's poor old mother sitting meekly in your hall; you are surprised if the postman brings them letters, and attribute the fact to the pernicious system of over-educating the masses; you shut them from their homes and their kindred, their lovers and their friends; you deny them books, you grudge them a peep at your new paper; and then you lift up your eyes and wonder at them because they are inquisitive, and because the staple of their talk is scandal and gossip.

Mrs. Walter Powell, having been treated by most of her employers as a species of upper servant, had acquired all the instincts of a servant; and she was determined to leave no means untried in order to discover the cause of Aurora's illness, which the doctor had darkly hinted to her had more to do with the mind than the body. John Mellish had ordered a carpenter to repair the lodge at the north gate for the accommodation of James Conyers, and John's old trainer, Langley, was to receive his colleague and introduce him to the stables.

The new trainer made his appearance at the lodge gates in the glowing July sunset; he was accompanied by no less a person than Steeve Hargraves, the Softy, who had been lurking about the station upon the look-out for a job, and who had been engaged by Mr. Conyers to carry his portmanteau.

To the surprise of the trainer, Stephen Hargraves set down his burden at the park gates.

"You'll have to find some one else to carry it to 'rest 't road," he said, touching his greasy cap, and extending his broad palm to receive the expected payment.

Mr. James Conyers was rather a dashing fellow, with no small amount of that quality which is generally termed "swagger," so he turned sharply round upon the Softy and asked him what the devil he meant.

"I mean that I mayn't go inside yon gates," muttered Stephen Hargraves; "I mean that I've been turned out of yon place that I've lived in, man and boy, for forty year—turned out like a dog, neck and crop."

Mr. Conyers threw away the stump of his cigar and stared superciliously at the Softy.

"What does the man mean?" he asked of the woman who opened the gates.

"Why, poor fellow, he's a big fond, sir; and him and Mrs. Mellish didn't get on very well: she has a rare spirit, and I have heard that she horsewhipped him for beating her favorite dog. Any ways, master turned him out of his service."

"Because my lady had horsewhipped him. Servants' hall justice all the world over," said the trainer, laughing, and lighting a second cigar from a metal fuse-box in his waistcoat-pocket.

"Yes, that's justice, aint it?" the Softy said, eagerly. "Yo wouldn't like to be turned out of a place as you'd lived in forty year, would you? But Mrs. Mellish has a rare spirit, bless her face!"

The blessing enunciated by Mr. Stephen Hargraves had such very ominous sound, that the new trainer, who was evidently a shrewd observant fellow, took his cigar from his mouth on purpose to stare at him. The white face, lighted up by a pair of red eyes, with a dim glimmer in them, was by no means the most agreeable of countenances; but Mr. Conyers looked at the man for some moments, holding him by the collar of his coat in order to do so with more deliberation. Then, pushing the Softy away with an affably contemptuous gesture, he said, laughing,

"You're a character, my friend, it strikes me; and not too safe a character either. I'm dashed if I should like to offend you. There's a shilling for your trouble, my man," he added, tossing the money into Steeve's extended palm with careless dexterity.

"I suppose I can leave my portmanteau here till to-morrow, ma'am?" he said, turning to the woman at the lodge. "I'd carry it down to the house myself if I wasn't lame."

He was such a handsome fellow, and had such an easy, careless manner, that the simple Yorkshire woman was quite subdued by his fascinations.

"Leave it here, sir, and welcome," she said, curtseying, "and my master shall take it to the house for you as soon as he comes in. Begging your pardon, sir, but I suppose you're the new gentleman—that's expected in the stables?"

"Precisely."

"Then I was to tell you, sir, that they've fitted up the north lodge for you; but you was to please go straight to the house, and the housekeeper was to make you comfortable and give you a bed for to-night."

Mr. Conyers nodded, thanked her, wished her good-night, and limped slowly away, through the shadows of the evening, and under the shelter of the over-arching trees. He stepped aside from the broad carriage-drive on to the dewy turf that bordered it, choosing the softest, mossiest places with a sybarite's instinct. Look at him as he takes his slow way under those glorious branches, in the holy stillness of the summer sunset, his face sometimes lighted by the low, lessening rays, sometimes dark with the shadows from the leaves above his head. He is wonderfully handsome—wonderfully and perfectly handsome—the very perfection of physical beauty; faultless in proportion, as if each line in his face and form had been measured by the sculptor's rule and carved by the sculptor's chisel. He is a man about whose beauty there can be no dispute, whose perfection servant-maids and duchesses must alike confess—albeit they are not bound to admire; yet it is rather a sensual type of beauty, this splendor of form and color, unalloyed by any special charm of expression. Look at him now, as he stoops to rest, leaning against the trunk of a tree and smoking his big cigar with easy enjoyment. He is thinking. His dark-blue eyes, deeper in color by reason of the thick black lashes which fringe them, are half closed, and have a

dreamy, semi-sentimental expression, which might lead you to suppose the man was musing upon the beauty of the summer sunset. He is thinking of his losses on the Chester Cup, the wages he is to get from John Mellish, and the perquisites likely to appertain to the situation. You give him credit for thoughts to match with his dark, violet-hued eyes, and the exquisite modelling of his mouth and chin; you give him a mind as aesthetically perfect as his face and figure, and you recoil on discovering what a vulgar every-day sword may lurk under that beautiful scabbard. Mr. James Conyers is, perhaps, no worse than other men of his station; but he is decidedly no better. He is only very much handsomer; and you have no right to be angry with him, because his opinions and sentiments are exactly what they would have been if he had had red hair and a pug nose. With what wonderful wisdom has George Eliot told us that people are not any better because they have long eyelashes! Yet it must be that there is something anomalous in this outward beauty and inward ugliness; for, in spite of all experience, we revolt against it, and are incredulous to the last, believing that the palace which is outwardly so splendid can scarcely be ill furnished within. Heaven help the woman who sells her heart for a handsome face, and awakes, when the bargain has been struck, to discover the foolishness of such an exchange.

It took Mr. Conyers a long while to walk from the lodge to the house. I do not know how, technically, to describe his lameness. He had fallen, with his horse, in the Prussian steeple-chase, which had so nearly cost him his life, and his left leg had been terribly injured. The bones had been set by wonderful German surgeons, who put the shattered leg together as if it had been a Chinese puzzle, but who, with all their skill, could not prevent the contraction of the sinews, which had left the jockey lame for life, and no longer fit to ride in any race whatever. He was of the middle height, and weighed something over 11 stone, and had never ridden except in Continental steeple-chases.

Mr. James Conyers paused a few paces from the house, and gravely contemplated the irregular pile of buildings before him.

"A snug crib," he muttered; "plenty of tin hercabouts, I should think, from the look of the place."

Being ignorant of the geography of the neighborhood, and being, moreover, by no means afflicted by an excess of modesty, Mr. Conyers went straight to the principal door, and rang the bell sacred to visitors and the family.

He was admitted by a grave old man-servant, who, after deliberately inspecting his brown shooting-coat, colored shirt-front, and felt hat, asked him, with considerable asperity, what he was pleased to want.

Mr. Conyers explained that he was the new trainer, and that he wished to see the housekeeper; but he had hardly finished doing so, when a door in an angle of the hall was softly opened, and Mrs. Walter Powell peeped out of the snug little apartment sacred to her hours of privacy.

"Perhaps the young man will be so good as to step in here," she said, addressing herself apparently to space, but indirectly to James Conyers.

The young man took off his hat, uncovering a mass of luxuriant brown curls, and limped across the hall in obedience to Mrs. Powell's invitation.

"I dare say I shall be able to give you any information you require,"

James Conyers smiled, wondering whether the bilious-looking party, as he mentally designated Mrs. Powell, could give him any information about the York summer meeting; but he bowed politely, and said he merely wanted to know where he was to hang out—he stopped and apologized—where he was to sleep that night, and whether there were any letters for him. But Mrs. Powell was by no means inclined to let him off so cheaply. She set to work to pump him, and labored so assiduously that she soon exhausted that very small amount of intelligence which he was disposed to afford her, being perfectly aware of the process to which he was subjected, and more than equal to the lady in dexterity. The ensign's widow, therefore, ascertained little more than that Mr. Conyers was a perfect stranger to John Mellish and his wife, neither of whom he had ever seen.

Having failed to gain much by this interview, Mrs. Powell was anxious to bring it to a speedy termination.

"Perhaps you would like a glass of wine after your walk?" she said; "I'll ring for some, and I can inquire at the same time about your letters. I dare say you are anxious to hear from the relatives you have left at home."

Mr. Conyers smiled for the second time. He had neither had a home nor any relative to speak of since the most infantine period of his existence; but had been thrown upon the world a sharp-witted adventurer at seven or eight years old. The "relatives" for whose communication he was looking out so eagerly were members of the humbler class of bookmen with whom he did business.

The servant dispatched by Mrs. Powell returned with a decanter of sherry and about half-a-dozen letters for Mr. Conyers.

"You'd better bring the lamp, William," said Mrs. Powell, as the man left the room; "for I'm sure you'll never be able to read your letters by this light," she added politely to Mr. Conyers.

The fact was, that Mrs. Powell, afflicted by that diseased curiosity of which I have spoken, wanted to know what kind of correspondents these were whose letters the trainer was so anxious to receive, and sent for the lamp in order that she might get the full benefit of any scraps of information to be got at by rapid glances and dexterously stolen peeps.

The servant brought a brilliant camphine lamp, and Mr. Conyers, not at all abashed by Mrs. Powell's condescension, drew his chair close to the table, and after tossing off a glass of sherry, settled himself to the perusal of his letters.

The ensign's widow, with some needlework in her hand, sat directly opposite to him at the small round table, with nothing but the pedestal of the lamp between them.

James Conyers took up the first letter, examined the superscription and seal, tore open the envelope, read the brief communication upon half a sheet of note-paper, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket. Mrs. Powell, using her eyes to the utmost, saw nothing but a few lines in a scratchy plebeian handwriting, and a signature which, seen at a disadvantage upside-down, didn't look unlike "Johns." The second envelope contained only a tissue-paper betting-list; the third held a dirty scrap of paper with a few words scrawled in pencil; but at sight of the uppermost envelope of the remaining three, Mr. James Conyers started as if he had been shot. Mrs. Powell looked from the face of the trainer to the superscription of the letter, and was scarcely less surprised than Mr. Conyers. The superscription was in the handwriting of Aurora Mellish.

It was a peculiar hand; a hand about which there could be no mistake; not an elegant Italian hand, sloping, slender and feminine, but large and bold, with ponderous up-strokes and down-strokes, easy to recognise at a greater distance than that which separated Mrs. Powell from the trainer. There was no room for any doubt. Mrs. Mellish had written to her husband's servant, and the man was evidently familiar with her hand, yet surprised at receiving her letter.

He tore open the envelope, and read the contents eagerly twice over, frowning darkly as he read.

Mrs. Powell suddenly remembered that she had left part of her needlework upon a cheffonier behind the young man's chair, and rose quietly to fetch it. He was so much engrossed by the letter in his hand that he was not aware of the pale face which peered for one brief moment over his shoulder, as the faded, hungry eyes stole a glance at the writing on the page.

The letter was written on the first side of a sheet of note-paper, with only a few words carried over to the second page. It was this second page which Mrs. Powell saw. The words written at the top of the leaf were these—"Above all, express no surprise! A."

There was no ordinary conclusion to the letter; no other signature than this big capital A.

(To be continued.)

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

MONDAY, July 14.—In the Senate, the bill for the admission of Western Virginia as a State was taken up, debated at considerable length and passed. The bill as passed provides that all slaves born within the limits of the State after the 4th of July, 1863, shall be free. The bill requiring commanders of American vessels sailing from foreign ports to take the oath of allegiance was passed.

In the House, the project of a Slave Emancipation bill recommended by the President, was laid before the House and referred to the Select Committee on the abolition of Slavery in the Border Slave States, with leave to report at any time.

TUESDAY, July 15.—In the Senate, a bill was passed providing that

all the right and title of the United States in the Stevens battery be released and committed to the heirs of Robert L. Stevens. A bill was introduced further amending the Articles of War so as to render it the duty of officers to furnish pay. The bill amending the Militia act of 1792 was considered, the question being on Mr. Sherman's amendment limiting emancipation to the slaves of rebels. This was adopted—18 to 17. A proposal to strike the words "mother, wife and children" from the emancipation clause, was rejected. A further amendment was proposed, that such mother, wife and children shall not be freed unless they belong to rebels. This was debated at great length, but does not appear to have been adopted. The bill was finally passed—28 to 9.

In the House, Mr. Ben. Wood, as a question of privilege, demanded that the report of the Judiciary Committee in his case should be promulgated. A resolution to this effect, introduced by him, was objected to and laid over.

WEDNESDAY, July 16.—In the Senate, the bill to authorize the raising of a volunteer force for the better defence of Kentucky was reported back from the Military Committee, and laid aside informally after some debate. The resolution from the House explanatory of the Confiscation act was called up by Mr. Clark of New Hampshire, who offered an amendment that no punishment under the bill shall work the forfeiture of real estate beyond the natural life of the person accused. This amendment, Mr. Clark explained, was offered to meet one of the objections of the President to the bill. Several Senators objected to such a method of legislation, preferring rather to receive a veto message from the President, which should state his objections in full, and enable the Senate to meet them understandingly. The debate was continued at great length, and it was finally voted to make the amendment as well as another suggestion to meet the President's objections, rather than jeopardize the success of the bill. The bill for the discharge of the State prisoners was considered until the recess. During the proceedings, Senator Chandler, of Michigan, made a speech in review of the conduct of the war, from the battle of Bull Run to the present time.

In the House, the report of the Conference Committee on the bill in regard to the imprisonment of soldiers in the Penitentiary was agreed to. The Select Committee on Gradual Emancipation, to whom the President's recent bill was referred, reported a bill relating especially to the loyal Border States. Ten thousand copies of the report and bill were ordered to be printed, and it was referred to the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, offered a resolution authorizing the President to call out a million of soldiers in addition to those already in the field, but the House refused to suspend the rules for its reception. The Senate bill for the admission of Western Virginia as a State was postponed until the second Tuesday in December. The Senate bill authorizing the President to enter into a contract with any foreign government to colonize recaptured Africans was passed. The President's recent bill to amend the law of 1795, so as to authorize the President to call out the Militia for a period not exceeding nine months, and the employment of persons of African descent, etc., was passed without debate, under the operation of the previous question. A bill tendering the thanks of Congress to certain naval officers was passed.

THURSDAY, July 17.—Congress adjourned *sine die* at two o'clock P.M., the hour being marked by a session. Some important legislation marked the closing hours of the session. In the Senate, Mr. Wright, of Indiana, from the Committee on the Conduct of the War, entered his protest against the use made of certain testimony taken before it by Senator Chandler. The bill to establish a Bureau of Migration was reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and will probably be acted upon by the next Congress. The House bill to defray the expenses incurred in raising volunteers in Delaware was passed. The bill making postage and other United States stamps currency was passed. The bill also prohibits the issue of notes of less than one dollar. At two o'clock a Committee on the President that the Senate was ready to adjourn, and the President having no further communication to make, it did adjourn, after passing a vote of thanks to Hon. Samuel Foote, President *pro tem*.

In the House, after considerable business of no special importance, the bill to divide Michigan into two districts was passed. Mr. Hooper, of Mass., introduced the bill to make currency of postage and other United States stamps, and it was passed. A message was received from the President, saying that he had approved both the Confiscation bill and the supplemental resolution, passed on Wednesday, considering them to be one act. Before he was informed of the passage of the resolution he had prepared a draft of a message vetoing the bill, which was also transmitted to the House. The message was laid on the table and ordered to be printed. A message was also received from the President, recommending a suitable testimonial to Com. Vanderbilt for the gift of his vessel to the Government. It was referred to the Naval Committee. After some further proceedings, the President having signified that he had no other communication to make, the House was declared adjourned *sine die*, and the applause of the members.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

NIXON'S CREMONE GARDENS.—The last nights of Carlotta Patti drew thousands to this most beautiful and interesting place of amusement. She was one of the brightest of the bright stars that shine in the Cremone firmament, and her place must long remain unoccupied. She was greeted with the most hearty and her charming singing here, and has proved a rare card for the management.

New attractions have, however, been added to the entertainment of a character which cannot fail to please every one. They are, of course, in addition to the exquisite dancing of Senorita Cubas in the new mythological ballet expressly composed for her, called "La Rete di Vulcano." Vulcan's net, which is brought out in beautiful style with new scenery, dresses and new music by Baker; also the fine concert in the open air by Thos. Baker's solo orchestra, and the brilliant equestrian performances of the beautiful and spirited Madame Tournaire, and her assistants, in that literally magic circle. The novelties are, in addition to all these, rare and excellent attractions, as follows: First, a gorgeous fountain of pure fire throws up its brilliant jets in a thousand graceful forms, actually scattering around streams of living fire mingled with water. It is a singularly grand and beautiful effect, and is alone worthy the price of admission. This new and unquenchable fire is the discovery of Mr. Levi Short, and by it he asserts that he could destroy the fleets of every nation of the earth. It certainly seems very formidable, and suggests to all to keep at a respectable distance. Still, it is a curious and interesting sight. The second novelty is a comic pantomime of the Ravel kind, which has been so popular in this city for many years, and for which Monsieur Popoff and Mr. C. Lehmann have been especially engaged. This feature every one will approve of.

The third novelty is a grand pyrotechnic scene of a very peculiar character. It is, in fact, the battle between the Merrimac and Monitor. To give effect to this terrible combat, a scenic view of the forts, etc., having a water front of 200 feet, has been prepared. This novelty is said to be of the most striking and brilliant character, and to convey to the mind of the observer an almost life-like representation of that great naval combat which has now become a matter of history. The Messrs. Edge have exerted all their genius and ingenuity on this piece, and we shall be mistaken if it does not attract thousands of people nightly by its originality, splendor and vivid reality.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—The production of the new burlesque on "Fra Diavolo" at this house has fairly taken the city by storm. Burlesques, as a general thing, are slightly childish, largely stupid and altogether a bore. Not so, however, this burlesque of "Fra Diavolo." It has wit, point and a breadth of humor which render it irresistibly piquant and comic. It would make even a disappointed contractor laugh all over, which is praise enough in all conscience. Every one knows the plot of "Fra Diavolo," and this, apart from its intrinsic merits, is very favorable to the success of the burlesque—one remembers the original and can appreciate more fully the absurdity of the counterfeit. This fact was evident in the roars of laughter which greeted every point so absurdly presented in the action. We have rarely seen an audience so thoroughly *en rapport* with the humors of the actors and the author. The piece was admirably played, enlisting in its cast all the prominent members of the company, including Mr. and Mrs. Florence.

The great hit of the piece is certainly Mr. Florence, who as Beppo kept the audience in a roar of laughter from the moment of his appearance to his final exit. His fun was genial, broad and spontaneous, and it acted upon the audience with electric sympathy. It would be useless to attempt to describe his bowery melodramatic scene. His imitations were so ludicrously faithful, so earnest and so energetic, that without exaggeration they combined all the elements of the broadest humor and uproarious fun. Mr. Florence has done a good thing, which will enhance his reputation and fill his pockets.

Mrs. Florence looked more than charming as the aristocratic brigand Fra Diavolo. She dressed the character magnificently but tastefully, and rendered the humorous spirit of the part with infinite vim and in the true spirit of fun, genial and womanly.

Devil, one of the best burlesque actors now on the stage, and Miss Mary Wells were hardly behind the Florence in breadth and grotesqueness of humor; they kept up the interest unflagging, and lost not one of the countless points of the dialogue. The others engaged—Miss Crocker, Mr. Barrett, etc.—were excellent in their respective rôles.

The burlesque is put upon the stage with every possible care, and is really admirable in all its details. The ballet is well dressed and carefully practised; and the music, containing numberless reminiscences of Auber's charming work, is put together in a musically and popular style.

The burlesque will be performed every night, and we counsel our friends not to fail to see it.

LAURA KEESE'S THEATRE.—This establishment closed last week with the benefit of Miss Maggie Mitchell, who had been its manager for a few weeks. We are sincerely glad to be able to record her benefit a great success. The house was crowded in every part, and

the enthusiasm aroused by the admirable acting of the fair young actress was positively unbounded. It is said that she realized on the occasion nearly \$1,000, a fact honorable to the citizens of New York. Her managerial career, it is said, has been a moderate financial success; we know that in the point of increased artistic reputation it has been a great success, and we can only regret that she deemed it advisable to close her managerial labors. We trust, however, that we shall soon have an opportunity of witnessing her piquant performances.

NIBLO'S GARDENS.—The benefit of Messrs. Wheatley, Jarrett and Davenport, the enterprising managers of this popular place of amusement, was a great success last week. A most attractive bill was presented, and the theatre-going public crowded the house in every part. The beneficiaries fully deserved the compliment, for they have exhibited both skill and liberality in their management.

Mr. John Collins, the celebrated Irish comedian and vocalist, has engaged the theatre for a brief farewell season. The "Colleen Bawn" is the great attraction. It is powerfully cast, and interests thousands as heretofore. Mr. Collins is very popular, and his season will undoubtedly be a success.

BAIKUM'S MUSEUM.—The past week being the last of the gallant Commodore Nutt for some months to come, was a busy period at the Museum. All who had not seen him embraced, not the Commodore, but the opportunity, and hundreds who had already seen him went to see him once more. The \$30,000 Nutt has been a decided hit for his enterprising manager, and will draw thousands of dollars into his treasury during his tour through the provinces. The newest novelty at the Museum is a huge white whale, just arrived from the coast of Labrador. It occupies a vast tank, and disports itself in a very gay and fascinating manner. Although not professionally an actor, it "spouts" as well as the best of them. It is a curiously nice monster, and as the auctioneers say, must be seen to be appreciated. The Holman juvenile vocalists and actors remain another week at the Museum. They are very talented little people, and have very deservedly become exceedingly popular. It will do all our young folks good to see how useful and clever, obedient and willing children can become. The feeding of a den full of serpents is a sight worth seeing, to say nothing of the lively hope engendered by the sight that their food will choke them. This is suggested parenthetically and apologetically, for we hate the whole serpent tribe. However, this should not interfere with the fulness of our joy while contemplating the Happy Family, and the amiable but profusely haired Albino, and the other countless wonders of the Museum.

PERSONAL.

MR. W. A. HAYWARD, of New York, but a native of Milford, has set all classes, especially the rich, an example worthy of imitation. He has publicly announced that all Milford soldiers, who are sick, wounded or in distress, will receive prompt assistance. In addition to this benevolent offer, he sent last week a quantity of such articles as are the most needed by the sick and wounded. For the information of such soldiers as may require his aid, his address is 208 Broadway, New York city.

CAPT. DEAN, one of the most dashing cavalry officers, has been dispatched by Col. Dodge, from Suffolk to New York, to raise another company for the 1st regiment of Mounted Rifles. This regiment made the famous reconnaissance last June from Suffolk to Edenton, and other parts in North Carolina, going through the enemy's country nearly a hundred miles without losing a man.

BRIG.-GEN. MEAGHER arrived in this city on the 19th of July, and his appearance, after the gallant action of the Irish Brigade, under his brilliant leadership at the Chickahominy, Fair Oaks, Gaines's Hill and Malvern's Hill, elicited great enthusiasm among all those who welcomed him. Gen. Meagher comes from his command at this particular juncture at the express orders of Gen. McClellan—made through Gen. Sumner—to recruit men to fill the decimated ranks of the 69th, 88th and 63d New York regiments.

THE Mobile Advertiser has a letter which states that the family of Hon. Mr. Wickliffe, the Union M. C. from Kentucky, has entirely deserted him on account of his adherence to the Union cause. Three of his sons are in the rebel army; his two daughters, one married to Judge Merriek, formerly of Washington, and the other to Senator Yulee, have given him up; and even his wife declares that she cannot side with him, and will never again cross the Ohio.

COLONEL T. B. THORPE, the famous Bee Hunter, is earning golden opinions from the inhabitants of New Orleans for his able administration of the Street Department of the Crescent City. When he has cleaned New Orleans we trust he will turn his attention to New York.

THE traitor Twiggs, whose death is announced, was born in Georgia in 1790, entered the army as a Captain in the 8th Infantry in 1812, and served through the war of that day. In the Mexican war he held the rank of Colonel of the 2d Dragoons, but acted as Brigadier, commanding the right wing in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and in the same month was created Brigadier-General, and shortly afterward Major-General by brevet, for his conduct at Monterey; and through the campaign of Gen. Scott in Mexico he was in command of a division. In 1847 Congress presented him with a sword for his storming of Monterey. This sword has recently been taken possession of by Gen. Butler at Twiggs's house in New Orleans. At the time of the breaking out of this present war he was in command of the Union troops in Texas; and, through complicity with the secession leaders, he managed to render the whole National force there ineffective to operate against the rebels, and surrendered great quantities of military stores and material into the rebel hands. His conduct on this occasion was treacherable and traitorous in the extreme, and secured for him the scorn and hatred of his country. He was in command of the rebels at New Orleans for some time, but was suspended, and retired first to a residence on the coast of Mississippi, from which he was frightened by our fleet, and subsequently to New Orleans, from which he fled when it was threatened by Gen. Butler. He finally retired for safety to Augusta, Ga., where he died.

CHURCHES IN NEW YORK.

FROM TROW'S NEW YORK DIRECTORY, lately published, we gather the following list of churches:

Baptist, 33; Congregational, 4; Dutch Reformed, 22; Friends, 3; Jewish Synagogues, 18; Lutheran, 7; Methodist Episcopal, 34; African Methodist Episcopal, 4; Methodist Protestant, 1; Presbyterian (including two Mission chapters), 48; United Presbyterian, 5; Associate Reformed Presbyterian, 1; Reformed Presbyterian, 6; Protestant Episcopal (including seven Mission chapters), 62; Roman Catholic, 31; Unitarian, 2; Universalist, 4; miscellaneous, 20; making a total of 365. Some half dozen Mission chapters are not enumerated; but as several of the foregoing churches will probably ere long be sold out and closed up, the number may stand as it is—365.

The following table shows how we compare with other cities:

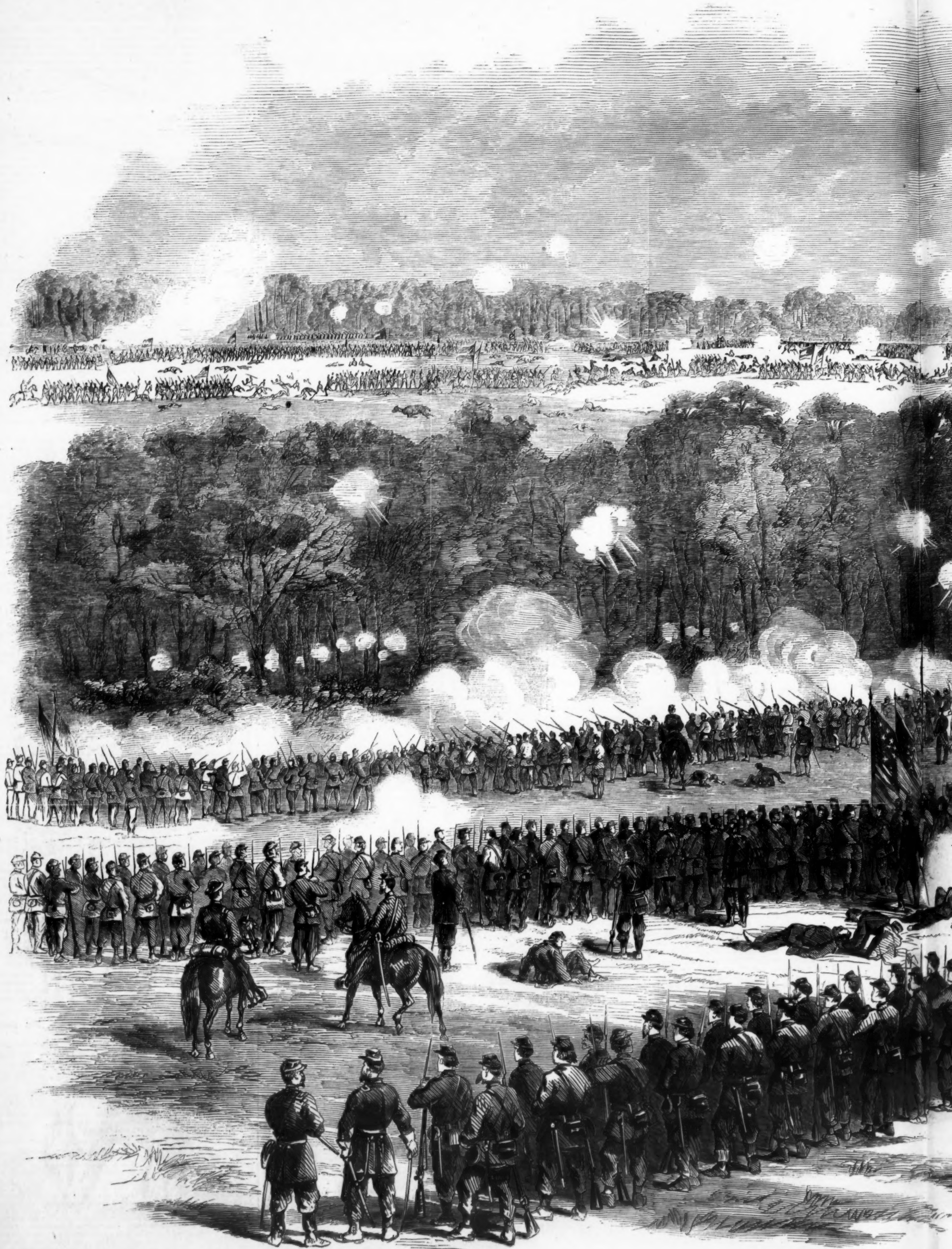
Cities.	Population.	Churches.	No. to Pop.
New York.....	865,631	365	1 to 2,411
Philadelphia.....	865,529	275	1 to 2,056
Baltimore.....	212,418	170	1 to 1,249
Boston.....	177,718	112	1 to 1,586

Brooklyn, which has a population of 266,661; Newark, which has 71,941, and Elizabeth, which has 11,567, have each been represented as having a church for every thousand inhabitants; we have not the exact figures at hand, and therefore have not included them in our table.

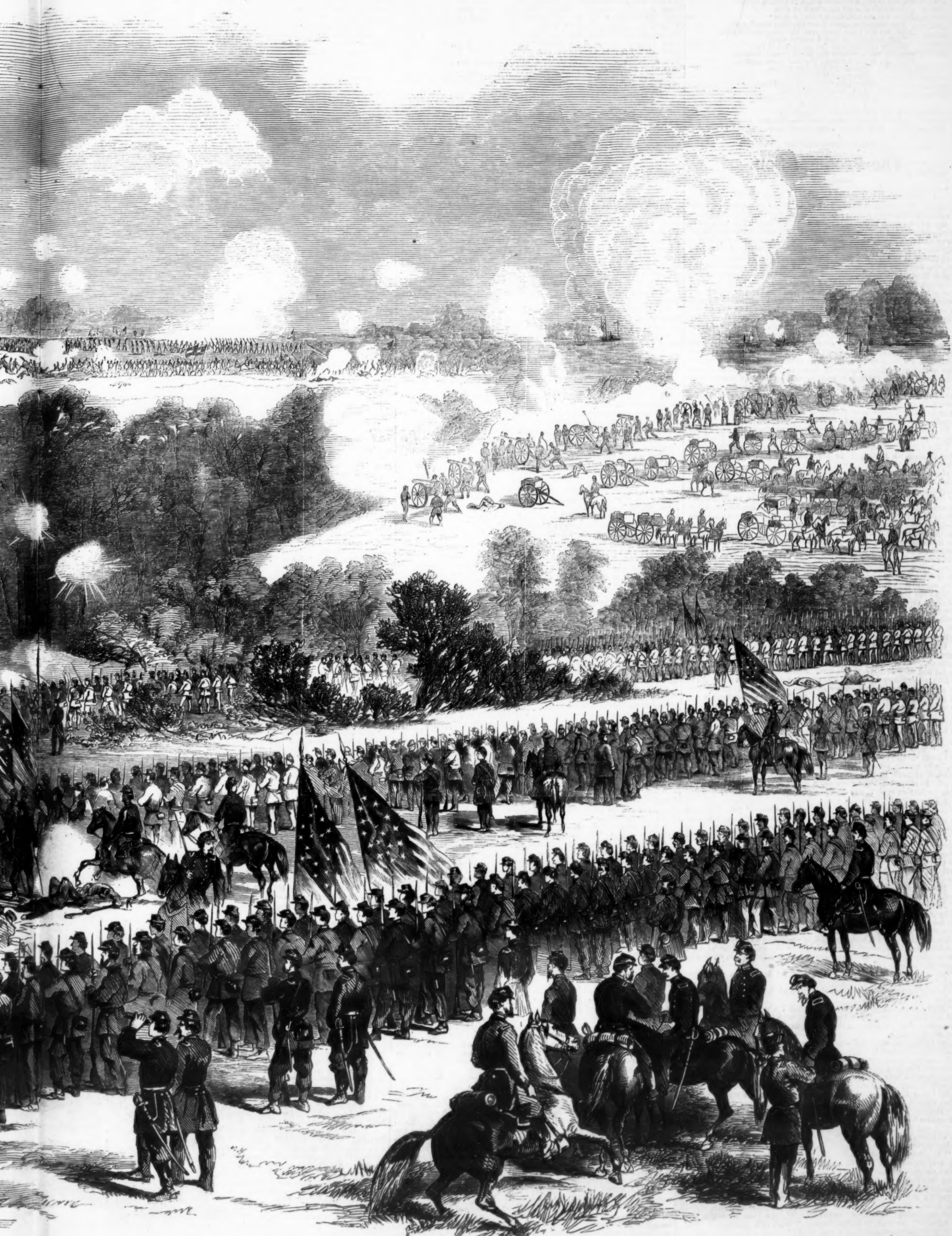
SOUTHERN blood didn't run at Corinth, but Southern bloods did.

THE REVEALING OF THE GRAVES AT CORINTH.—Suspensions of the contents of some of the graves found in the vicinity of Corinth caused an investigation and exhuming of the deposits. Neatly made graves, with necessary head and foot boards, bearing the names of colonels and majors, were visited, and the ground covering them was ordered to be removed; when, on arriving to the depth of four feet, a solid substance was struck, which upon clearing the earth around, was found to be contraband scabbards, in the shape of siege guns. One grave, with the head board designated as "Colonel somebody," was found to contain a 64-pounder siege gun. "Quite a heavy colonel, that," Others were found, but in what number we have not learned. Some have been found buried in the swamps beyond Corinth.

PERSEVERANCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—Lieut. Samuel O. Burnham, of the 2d New Hampshire regiment, was severely wounded at the battle of Williamsburg. He was manfully doing his duty in the thickest of the enemy's fire, when he was accosted by the Major of the regiment with, "How are you getting along, Lieutenant?" "Right well! See my boys give them a volley," was the reply. Just then Burnham was struck by a rifle ball in the leg, and, taking a ligature from his pocket, he asked the Major to assist him in tying up the limb. At the hospital the surgeon decided upon immediate amputation, but Burnham would hear nothing of that sort. He was carried to Fortress Monroe, and the surgeon there decided that to save his life the leg must be taken off. "It cannot be done," insisted the Lieutenant. "If you live, your leg will be good for nothing as an infantry leg," urged the surgeon. "I will keep it and call it an artillery leg," said Burnham. So much for courage and resolution; and, fortunately for his possessor, he was at last accounts rapidly improving, and in a fair way to rejoin his command with as good a leg as the average of those useful limbs.



THE BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND—BATTLE OF MALVERN HILLS, NEAR TURKEY BEND, JAMES RIVER, VA., FOUGHT TUESDAY



BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, SEPTEMBER 17, 1862.—FINAL REPULSE OF THE REBELS, 5 O'CLOCK P.M.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM WAUD.

STORM IN SUMMER.

LOOK! look! that vivid flash!
And instantly follows the rattling thunder,
As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,
Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash
On the earth, which crouches in silence under;
And now a solid gray wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape mile by mile;
For a breath's space I see the blue wood again;
And, ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurl'd pile,
That seemed but now a league aloof,
Bursts rattling o'er the sun-parch'd roof;
Against the windows the storm comes dashing,
Through tatter'd foliage the hail tears crashing,
The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail dashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
And, in one baffled roar,
Like the toothless sea mumbling
A rock-bristled shore,
The thunder is rumbling
And crashing and crumbling—
Will silence return never more?—Lowell.

The Prodigal Son.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MADEMOISELLE BOISFLEURY.

ALEXIS. Was he man or boy? Let us leave the question open and call him Monsieur Alexis; he was more French than English—and there is no such thing as boyhood in France. The infants of that country almost as soon as they can speak, are capable of *affaires de cœur* and *tendresses*, and *bonnes fortunes*; they mature so rapidly. While one of our young compatriots is playing heartily at leapfrog, one of theirs is swearing *Grand Dieu, je jure sur la tombe de ma mère*, etc., devotion to *la belle Célestine*, or mingling tears with the adorable Madame Darville, and with her adorning the grave of her late husband—dead of a small-sword thrust in the right lung—with the most beautiful *immortelles* which the money of the deceased and deceived *mari*—how despicable the word seems to sound to French ears—could possibly purchase. Monsieur Alexis sat at one of the windows on the second floor of the house in Stowe street; the reader has already been introduced to the apartment. Monsieur Alexis was amusing himself with opening and shutting the window at short intervals, looking out up and down the street expectantly, with breathing on the panes of glass and drawing on the clouded surface so obtained caricatures of a primitive design, or scribbling initial letters with a very dirty finger—he had others to match it—much notched and gnawed at the top, and the nail reduced by his teeth to the very smallest dimensions and the most unattractive form that was anyhow practicable. As an additional pastime, Monsieur Alexis occasionally permitted himself the interesting *délassement* of putting a fly to death by a process of torture as prolonged and painful as his ingenuity—not contemptible in that respect—could devise.

"Is he coming?" asked some one sitting at the other end of the room, whose restless foot kept up an impatient tapping on the floor.

"I don't see him," Alexis answered, after looking out, apparently rather pleased at having it in his power to give a disappointed answer.

"If he doesn't come—" some one began, and then stopped.

The speaker was a woman of small stature, her figure well-proportioned, but inclined to be rather stout than slight. She was of very dark complexion, her hair jet black—it seemed to be almost blue where the light fell upon it—the black was so intense, and the absence of any warm color in it so complete. She had small, handsomely formed features, though the lower part of her face was somewhat too massive and hard in its lines. There was the shadow of a dark frown upon her upper lip, which she was now compressing and biting in some anger and impatience. Her eyes were very brilliant, enhanced in that quality by her strongly defined, thick, black eyebrows, which, unconsciously perhaps, she brought down now and then in a very fierce and threatening frown. She wore a dark silk dress, some black lace, much after the manner of a Spanish mantilla, fell from the back of her head on to her ample shoulders; a twisted gold chain circled her grandly formed throat; heavy ornaments of red coral and dead gold hung from her delicate ears; her small, supple hands were decorated with several superb rings; her appearance altogether was very striking, but it was not wholly attractive. There was something startling about the fire of those dark eyes, and the bistrous circles of which they were the gleaming centres. It seemed, as though she despised all charm of girlishness, or softness of manner, or restraint of emotion. She was angry and impatient. She did not care to conceal this fact. She beat upon the carpet with her foot, or drummed with her clenched hand upon the table. As to age, she had passed her *première jeunesse*. She looked thirty. She was probably younger, for women of her brunette complexion are generally not so old as they appear; with the blonde the converse of the proposition holds good.

"If he should not come—" she repeated.

"Well, if he should not come, Mademoiselle Regine?" Monsieur Alexis asked mockingly. They both spoke with a strong foreign accent.

"What will happen then?"

"I shall think you have cheated me, little boy, and I shall punish you," she said in a meaning way, with a very angry frown.

Alexis glanced at her as though to be sure that he had rightly heard. Perhaps from the expression of her face he judged it best to make no further reply. He looked again from the window.

"He's coming," he cried.

"Go, then," she answered, "and—take care—if you listen—"

she pointed her forefinger at him warningly, and again she frowned. Alexis evidently understood the incomplete sentence.

"I don't want to listen," he muttered, sulkily. "Give me the money you promised me."

She took some gold from a portemonnaie and tossed it to him.

She placed her hand upon her heart, as though to stay its turbulent beatings. Alexis hurried from the room. He had scarcely gone when a tall pale man entered.

"Monsieur Wilford!" the woman said, in a low voice, bowing her head.

"Regine!"

She placed a chair for him, and then withdrew to some distance.

She remained standing in an almost humble attitude. By her gestures she begged him to be seated. He moved to a chair, but he contented himself with leaning upon it—perhaps because his hands trembled less, grasping tightly the back of the chair. She glanced at him stealthily, her breathing very quick, her fingers very restless. There was silence for some minutes.

"How you have changed!" she said, at length, in a subdued tone.

"Likely enough!" he answered. "Think how many years have passed since we have met!"

"Had I seen you in the street, I think I should have passed on and not known you. They told me you were happy, gay, successful, fortunate. I see nothing of these in your face. You are very pale and triste-looking."

Her foreign manner and accent were more evident now that she was excited, agitated.

"I did not think any one could have been so wretched as I have been, yet I look at you, Wilford—Monsieur Wilford, I mean—and it seems to me I may have been mistaken. Are you unhappy, Monsieur Wilford? But I see that you are."

He had paid but little attention to these words; he was pondering other things. At last he said, harshly,

"Regine, I never thought that we should meet again on this side the grave."

"It was inevitable," she said.

"I thought you were dead."

She glanced at him reproachfully.

"You hoped so, perhaps?" But he made no answer. She went on passionately in her foreign manner. "Well! and why not? Why should you not hope me to be dead? wish for me to be dead? You cannot have hoped for it—prayed for it—more than I have. I should have killed myself a thousand times, but that I am a woman! a fool! a coward! and I shrank and shivered and fainted, and I did not dare! What have I ever done that you, that any one, should wish me living? Nothing! nothing! Oh, how I am miserable!"

"Hush!" he said, in kinder tones; "don't talk like that."

"Why did you think that I was dead?"

"They told me so at—"

He paused.

"Where!"

"At St. Lazare!" he whispered.

She crouched down, hiding her face, then she started up fiercely.

"They lied—they are dogs. They said I was dead, because I had triumphed over them—tricked them—beaten them. At St. Lazare the prisoner who escapes is written down as dead in their books. They are liars!—fools! They watch the men carefully enough. They did not think that I could climb—like a man—like a monkey. That it was nothing to me to climb a water-pipe on to the roof of the female dormitories, and then drop from the wall, 14 feet. I was light enough then. What matter that I cut my hands—that I sprained my foot? I could yet run for three miles. I was free! A new name—a new country. Who will recognise me? Who will care what I am—what I have done?"

"Enough of this," he interrupted angrily; "it was not to learn these prison exploits I came here."

"Who would think, to hear you speak, now, that you ever cared for me—ever loved me?" she said, after a few moments.

"You are wrong. There was passion, folly, madness; but there was not love."

"Not love, as you know it, now?"

"Not love, as I know it, now." Their eyes met, gleaming rather fiercely. Regine softened.

"It is you who are wrong. It was whole, true, honest love. I will think so. You shall not rob me of that thought—that consolation. You do not know how precious it is to believe that I was once loved so wholly and truly as you loved me."

"And that love—how did you meet it—how did you requite it?"

She turned away.

"There are some things you will never know," she said. "There are some secrets you must not seek to share. Perhaps it was because I knew myself better than you did. Perhaps it was because I knew the wretchedness to which your love for me must lead. Do me at least this justice. Whatever others did, I did not seek to win your love. I held out no allurements to you. I laid no trap. Nay, I did all I could to make myself repellent to you; to warn you of the danger there would be to you in loving me. Is not that true?"

"It is true, Regine. Would that we had never met!"

"I may say Amen. But what does it avail—the past is past. We have met. For the future—"

"Yes, for the future—let us consider that. The past is gone—dead—buried. Its secrets are known only to us. Let them not be revealed. You know that I have seen Madame Pichot—"

"Hush! say Boisfleury. Pichot is an unlucky name. I tremble when I hear it; I hardly know why. Pray, have you set spies upon me? Have you had me followed? My steps dogged? Who does this? It is not you? Well, we shall see. Never mind. Do not say Pichot—say Boisfleury."

"Madame Boisfleury, then. You know the sum of money she has demanded of me?"

"I do know—it is shameful; but, no matter; as I have said, this money shall not be paid."

"Why is money wanted—are you poor?"

"No. We are not rich; but we are not poor. We can live—easily—the more so if we could help—but we can't—getting into debt, being foolish and extravagant. It is not for us the money is wanted."

"For whom, then?"

"M. Dominique."

"He is ill, at Paris."

She laughed scornfully.

"He is enduring his sentence; the galleys for 20 years—let us say for life—he will not survive the term."

"Upon what charge?"

"A score of charges. He was tried for robbery and attempt to murder. He was sentenced as I have said."

"Of what avail will the money be to him?"

"It will purchase his escape. So Madame dreams. She is a devoted wife; let us say that for her."

"And the money left by my uncle?"

"All gone—gambled away—flung from the window."

"And the money received from me?"

"Spent in the same way."

"I know not what to do. Sometimes I think that if it would purchase me immunity for the future, I would raise this sum, though, to do so, I should have to pay very dearly. I should have to sacrifice all hope of provision after my death for her who has such just claims upon me, for my child—"

"You have a child?—a son? Is he like you? Ah! Yes; it seems you love her very dearly—more than you ever loved me. It is strange, how little of value your love was to me when it was solely mine; yet now, when it has gone from me for ever, how I yearn for it again. It has not wholly gone from me, Monsieur Wilford. Say that you have yet some feeling for me."

"Why do you talk in this way, Regine?" he answered, sternly.

"Do you forget everything? Be undeceived. Learn that my love, if love there ever was between us, is now dead, stone dead. It can never be brought to life again. Heaven forbid it ever should. You know what act killed it. You know when struck by your hand it fell down and died."

"I know," she moaned, covering her face with her hands.

"There is no need to remind me of these things; yet there may be excuses for me, only they may not be told to you, least of all by me. So then, now, you love this child, this wife?" She laid a stress upon the word.

"I do," he answered, firmly, "with all my soul."

"She is good, this Madame Violet—is not that her name? I heard Madame Boisfleury tell it. She is beautiful—is she not? She is worthy of your love. Oh, how I wish that I could see her! May I see her, Monsieur Wilford?"

"You see her!" he cried. "Dare not attempt it; dare not think of such a thing! What wrong has she ever done to you?"

"You are very cruel, Monsieur Wilford," said Regine; "but you are right. I ought not to think of seeing her, yet your words seem very bitter. Well, I have deserved them all, and more, much more. You shall be obeyed. I will not seek to see her. I will go. I will quit this London, this country, for ever. An engagement has been offered to me at the theatre of Barcelona. I will accept it. I will go. I will die far away in a foreign land. You shall never more see my face. Will not this be the best? Will there not be in this some reparation, the best, the only atonement I can make, for the wrong done to you in the past, Monsieur Wilford?"

"This will be the best, Regine."

"How your voice sounds cold to me now! How different was it all once. How it was soft and gentle; how your eyes glowed; how your cheeks burned; how your frame trembled, when of old you told me first of your love for me, and took my hand into yours to press with your lips. How all this is changed!"

"Enough, Regine."

"How it is strange! While you were so good, so tender to me, I cared nothing. I shrank from you. Shall I say it? I despised you; there was something girlish in your love—a gentleness that was hateful to me. How lost I was to all that was honest and pure, and true in it. Now, when you are brusque with me, savage almost, Monsieur Wilford, when it seems that a little and you would strike me, woman though I am; now, when you do strike me, cruelly, most cruelly, with your words and your looks; now, my heart beats for you as it never throbbed before, and I love you now—"

"I will not hear you, Regine."

"Why were you not so of old? Why did you not change my nature as the keeper tames the tigress at the Jardin des Plantes, by cruelty, by oaths and blows, till she crouches at his feet, frightened, docile, faithful, ay, and loving in her wild-beast way? Would tenderness tame her, do you think?—Bah! did it avail with me? could it avail with you? Why did you not lash me then into right thinking, into right doing?—not now—not now, when it is too late, too late, when I can be no more to you; when I am nothing—nothing—nothing—when you love me no more; when you despise, scorn, hate me—"

Her passion could no longer find expression in words. She flung herself on her knees, weeping piteously.

Wilford looked with sad eyes at the woman crouching on the floor. He moved about impatiently.

"This is folly," he said, hoarsely. "Can this alter the past? Can you forget how we parted years ago?"

"No," she answered in a calmer tone, "I do not forget—I shall never forget. Yet, as I have said, there may be pleas to be urged on my behalf, though you will never—shall never—hear them. Forgive me if my emotion makes me forget myself. I can never forget. I give way, like an insane person, when I am troubled. Forgive me—my regrets are not so wholly unreasonable as they may

seem to be; they are less weak and foolish than you think. Can I but be sorry—passionately sorry—when I think it was in your power to change me—to work great good in me. Wrong had already been done, heaven knows, and enough of it; but there was some future for me then. I was very young. My thoughts had not taken their present ugly forms to keep for ever; they might then have been moulded otherwise; there was at least hope of such a thing, and you let the hour go by—you flung away the chance. If, instead of kneeling to me, suing and imploring—humoring my every foolish whim—you had beaten me down to your feet, as I am now—hun-bled me and made me weep, then, as I am humbled and weeping now—"

"This is not penitence, Regine, it is simply passion. Half that you say is unintelligible to me; for the rest, it is without reason. It is not for me to treat the woman I loved—or believed I loved—cruelly, as though I hated her. Change, reform must come from within, not from without. I did not come here to hear complaints of this kind—no, nor to make them, though perhaps I have cause to complain."

"You have cause," she said, interrupting him.

"As you have said, the past is past; let us not disinter it. It has been sad enough, and shameful, and wicked; let us heap earth upon it, and not lay it bare to taint the present. Do you think it is only who have suffered? Have I no regrets? Have I no misdeeds—no cruel errors—to lament, to make such atonement for as is now possible?"

"Forgive me."

"I had forgiven you, believing you to be dead."

"And now that I am living—"

"I will pray to be able to forgive you, Regine, as I will pray for aid to act rightly in my present great perplexity. For this money—"

"It shall not be paid—I say it shall not. You may trust me in that, Monsieur Wilford. Show me that you trust me in that. You are free—safe on that subject."

"But Madame Boisfleury—"

"I will deal with her. Without my aid she is powerless."

"And for the future, Regine?"

"For the future?"—the tears came into her eyes. "I see you now for the last time. It shall be as you thought it before. We shall not meet again on this side of the grave. You shall treat me as dead; and I shall be really dead to you. I will never set foot in this country again. For France, I may not go there, but in some other land—does it matter where? I shall some day drop down and die, and they shall bury me, unknown, nameless; nothing to them or to you, or to any one more. Will this do? Will this please you? Will this make amends? Will this be the best?"

She tried to take his hand, but he shrunk back from her. The action wounded her terribly, yet she bore up against it.

"And if I do all this—and I will, you may trust me—will you then forgive me?—will you then think kindly of me again, pityingly? Oh, if you could do this—if you could try to think over again one of your old good thoughts in regard to me! You are going? I may not detain you. Adieu, Monsieur Wilford!"

She would not now be denied. She seized his hand and pressed it passionately to her fevered lips. Another moment and he was gone. The door closed—she shivered as she heard it shut.

"I shall never see him more—never, never!" She abandoned herself to a paroxysm of grief; the tears streamed from her eyes; she sobbed violently. "I shall never see him more—never, never! and—and I love him!"

She hid her face in her hands.

For some time she remained so, bowed down by her sorrow. Suddenly a slight noise startled her. She looked up. Monsieur Alexis was leaning in the doorway watching her, with a malicious grin upon his face.

"You are *très malade* this time, are you not, Mademoiselle Regine? You must be near your end, I should think. I never saw you cry before. I've seen you pretend, often; but never real tears like these."

She started up.

"I will see her," she cried passionately; "I must see her—this woman whom he loves. Alexis, you have the address; tell it to me. What is the name of the street near Soho Square?"

"Why should I tell you? Of what advantage will it be to me?"

"Must I pay for this also?"

"Well. No. Perhaps not. This time we will exchange services. I will give you this address if—"

"If what?"

"If you will convey for me a letter to Mademoiselle Blondette at the theatre."

"What!" cried Regine, laughing, though the tears were still wet upon her cheeks. "You love Mademoiselle Blondette?"

"It is true," Alexis answered, pressing his dirty hand upon his heart, and turning up his green eyes with an air of spurious enthusiasm and romance not possible to an Englishman.

"My poor Alexis! There is a chance then that at last you will receive your deserts. Truly, I must cease to punish you. You will hardly need more punishment than you will receive from Mademoiselle Blondette."

"She is beautiful as an angel!"

"She is charming—with the gaslight strong upon her. Her smile is delightful—when her lips are fresh painted. My poor Alexis! You are *épris* with a ghoul. Blondette will eat you up, bones and all, and laugh the while, showing her sharp white teeth. She has no more heart, nor feeling, than a guillotine. Yes, she is pretty; bright red and white laid on thick. But to love her, imbecile! She is like a cheap bon-bon—there is as much poison as sugar about her—the coating is mere plaster of Paris; the almond inside is very bitter. You love her! little fool! love a snake!"

"You hate her because you are jealous of her, Regine," said Alexis, sulkily. "Will you give her the letter?"

"Certainly. Give me the address."

Alexis wrote two lines slowly on a scrap of paper and flung it to Regine.

"Behold the address," he said. Regine read it carefully.

"If you have deceived me! You are capable of it. I do not know the name of the street you have written here."

"Bah! I have not deceived you."

"We shall see. I go there at once. A *fiacre* will soon take me. I shall meet this Madame Violet." She continued half aloud, "I shall see this woman whom he loves so much, for whom he despises me. I hate her already."

She quitted the room. Alexis went through a course of derisive and defiant gestures. Certainly he was more French than English.

"Take care, Mademoiselle Regine, take care," he said, shaking threateningly a small, black, gristly fist. "You abuse Blondette, the woman whom I adore! You dare to trample on my heart! And more; this £5,000 which Madame Boisfleury claims you presume to forgive! Is it so? It is you who are imbecile. There will be war between you then about this poor Monsieur Wilford! Take care. What if I reveal to Madame that you have seen this person, what you have said to him? Aha! For me, I am on the side of £5,000. But to succor the poor Père Dominique? *Pas si bête!* If he escape he will only beat me again. No, to spend in this city! to buy presents for Blondette! Five thousand pounds! How these dogs of English are rich!"

Soon Regine left Stowe street in a cab, to search for the house of one Mr. Phillimore in the neighborhood of Soho.

Wilford had repaired to his Covent Garden Hotel. He sat down in the empty coffee-room, resting his throbbing head upon his hands, looking very sad, and worn, and dejected.

"What to do!" he murmured. "What to do! The time runs on. Violet must be written to. Already she must be expecting news of me. She will be growing uneasy, will think I am neglecting her. Heaven knows, I would sooner die than cause her unhappiness! But what to do!"

He strode up and down the room with an abstracted air. He paused suddenly before the glass over the fireplace, struck with his own wild, haggard looks. He tried to read the *Times*, but the print seemed to dance before him; it made him quite giddy; he could not keep his eyes fixed on it, and his thoughts were always away, busy with the question, asked again and again, "What was he to do?"

"Why did they ever come back—these dreadful Pichots? Silent, gone from the country, never to return—as good as dead—am I then secure? Who will ever know? Will not all then be well? May I not then return to her—to Violet—and forget, and be happy? Why not? What should hinder me?" He waited a long time. There was an expression of deep anguish in his face, as he said at last, "But my honor, my duty, are these to be forgotten wholly? God help me!" he cried fervently. "I have never been so tried before!" and he hid his face.

CHAPTER XIX.—IS THEATRICAL.

THE manager of the Theatre Royal, Long Acre, was not a very nice man. He had followed a good many other professions before he took to trading in theatrical entertainments. If most be not gathered by the rolling stone, certainly a good deal of dirt adheres to it in the course of its revolutions. A man who has been through several businesses must have something of a soil from each left on his fingers; and if he did not primarily start with very clean hands, of course the result at the end is all the more grimy in effect. Labor-stains are very honorable if the labor has been sufficiently honest. But we have no occasion, as we have no temptation, to dig down to the roots of the career of Mr. Grimshaw, the lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Long Acre. All diggers do not meet with ore. Some often turn up less agreeable matters in the course of their toils. Let us accept, as the public did, Mr. Grimshaw as a blown manager, and not trouble ourselves about his bud or pier. Who cares to ponder over ugly chrysalis antecedents when the butterfly is fluttering about in full magnificence?

He was quite the man to succeed as a manager. In the first place, he wasn't an actor, and had never dreamt, amidst all his changes of life, of becoming one; he was wary enough to know what not to do or to be. He did not take the theatre to assume the important parts that no one else would allot to him; to wake the dreary echoes of the empty house by his own dismal performance of "Macbeth," he did not propose to start as an eminent tragedian on his own account, to end on some one else's, a hopeless insolvent, proffering a fearful schedule to a wrathful commissioner. He took the Long Acre (it had been long empty; he got it cheap) to prosper his pocket rather than indulge his vanity. The town said he was enterprising. He was in a condition which compels people to be enterprising; he could not suffer by speculation. He was without money, without character, without even credit, which sometimes survives the absence of the others. How could he lose? What could he lose? On the contrary, he seemed to be in such a situation that he must win; because any change must be for the better. He opened the theatre. He pawned his watch and sold his great coat (the warm weather was coming on, so he did not feel the loss much) to pay for his placards. He was manager of the T. R., Long Acre! To his own surprise and everybody's besides, he found money enough in the treasury on Saturday night to pay his way. The town landed him extravagantly; he was the only man who had made the theatre remunerative! On the strength of this applause he was able to borrow at a rate not much exceeding 60 per cent.—of course taking part of the advance in cases of champagne. Certainly he was clever. He made even the wine available! He gave a grand supper to his employees. The thing was well noticed by the press, and advanced the theatre wonderfully. All that is ever wanted, it seems, in such matters, is reputation for success. Of course, a manager who gives champagne to his supernumeraries must be successful, and the theatre was crowded night y. It was admitted that a low comedian, criticising the liquor, had declared a decided preference for "shandygaff," but he was voted coarse and put down. Altogether, the corps suffered much less than might have been expected. There was no coroner's inquest. Some actors' stomachs must be as strong as their lungs.

"The secret of my success as a manager," said Grimshaw once in a confidential moment, and when perhaps his habitual caution had been carried away by a tide of hot gin and water, then running very high indeed, "the secret of my success as a manager lies in the billing. People say it's novelty, but it isn't. I like novelty, of course, when I can get it, but I can't always; and the fact is, that with proper billing you may make an old thing look like a new one. You may make almost anything pass for a novelty. I'm very particular about my billing. I ride through the town once a week regularly to take stock of my playbills. I keep my eye on the shops that put them bold y out at the front, so that they must strike the passer-by. I defy him to avoid them. And I note those as smuggle 'em up in the back shop, or perhaps use them to wrap up parcels, or what not. I've known it done. And I look how the placards are wearing, and try to find new pitches for them; and I try to invent a new system of advertising. That's the thing with the public; keep it up, stick to them, bully them; they'll defy you at first, chaff you, swear at you perhaps; but in the end you'll find them all taking dress-circle tickets for themselves and every member of their families, and the house crammed to suffocation every night, and a mere stock piece playing after all, perhaps. And if you can do this with an old thing, what can't you do with a new one?"

It has been said that he was not a very nice man. He did not take the T. R., Long Acre, because he had any regard for the drama, or because he respected anything or anybody. There was no purpose in his management beyond his own advantage.

"It don't matter to me, you know, a morsel, what's played," he said, as he declined his sixth tumbler, nearly swallowing a slab of lemon that had whilom been floating in the liquor, but was now quitted, stranded or knocked about in the glass in a dry, useless way. "I'll put up anything they'll come and see. Is it Billy Shakespeare you want?—you shall have him, hot and strong, and plenty of him—only pay your money at the door first, please. Or will you have opera? All right. I'll give you the best of singing birds, or bally, or 'orses, or the hacrobat, or the hehephant—anything you like, it don't matter to me, blesk you, on'y say the word. Glasses round again, gentlemen; or, what do you say, will you have a bottle of sham?" &c., &c.

Certainly, it was all the same to Mr. Grimshaw what he "put up," as he phrased it, and he would have played Shakespeare as soon as anything else, if he had thought he could have made it pay, and sooner, if he could have made a "novelty," or got a "sensation" out of it (the word was n't in use then; but never mind, it fits just as well the circumstances of which I am narrating). Above all, if he could have engaged a trained gorilla, and been able to cast him for the part of Romeo! He had made a great hit with an accomplished troupe of dogs and monkeys—a poodle who danced a navel hornpipe in appropriate costume, having by his cleverness held London enthralled for months. But a trained gorilla as Romeo! What houses! What a draw! if the thing was only tolerably billed!

He was always looking out for novelty of whatever kind. He was always attentive to what was passing on other stages, at home and abroad—he was not above borrowing the ideas of his neighbors when there was occasion. Business was beginning to flag a little. The public was certainly hard to please. The performing wild beasts were exceedingly clever—they had eaten a stage carpenter entirely, and enjoyed several mouthfuls of a call-boy—and yet the houses were not nearly so good as might have been expected. He heard on several sides that a new dancer—Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury—was exciting attention—"creating a furore" was the exact expression—at Berlin, Vienna, Brussels, Milan, &c.

"I might do worse than engage her, you know," said Grimshaw; "they tell me, you know, she's a good-looking woman, and a very plucky dancer. There hasn't been a regular right down good ballet in London for some years. I wonder whether she'd come—cheap?"

In a few days a very elaborate system of billing commenced. An envelope that appeared to contain a telegraphic message was left by a boy in a uniform at the door of every private house in the Court Guide; and the nobility, gentry and public were respectfully informed that the lessee and manager of the T. R., Long Acre, had secured at an enormous outlay, exclusively for that grand and national establishment, the services of the renowned Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury, premiere danseuse of the San Carlo, at Naples, La Scala, Milan, and all the chief cities of Europe; whose extraordinary talents had been the theme of admiration of the entire continental press for a very considerable time past. Her first appearance, it was stated, would take place almost immediately, in the new, grand, romantic ballet, in six tableaux, "L'Aerolithe; ou, La Fille du Firmament;" music by Signor Strepito—with entirely new scenery, dresses and appointments, upon which the whole strength of the establishment had been employed for many months past. Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury would be supported by Mesdames Celine, Julie, Blondette, Brown, Estelle, O'Callaghan, Schmidt, &c.; MM. Anatole, Renaud, Pierre, W. H. Sims, Raphael and McNish, and 100 coryphees. Immediate application was to be made for seats. The box office was open daily from ten to five, under the direction of Mr. Clark, &c., &c.

Mr. Grimshaw had managed very adroitly with Mademoiselle Boisfleury and her friends. The "enormous outlay" was of course supposititious. He found the lady anxious, for various reasons, to visit London. He immediately reduced his proposals to a minimum. In fact, he did not care about the thing at all, he said; he had made other arrangements, he had so many other matters pending. But if she liked to come to Long Acre, and dance for a week for nothing, he would engage her for two months afterwards at a salary

of £15 a-week, with liberty to him to terminate the engagement at a week's notice. He added that he would "mount" the ballet for her first-rate, and would throw in the clear half of a ticket benefit. Upon these not high terms the services of Mademoiselle Boisfleury were eventually secured for the great national establishment in Long Acre.

Mademoiselle Boisfleury was a great success. "We're pulling in the money now, sir, like bricks," Mr. Grimshaw informed his intimates, ordering glasses round, after his manner. "We shall be able to run the bally right up to the pantomime, if we take care, and get through the year splendidly."

Indeed, out of the profit accruing from the engagement of Mademoiselle Boisfleury, he was able to avert altogether a bankruptcy that had been long impending, to compound with his creditors, and to commune with himself whether the surplus was not sufficient to justify the carrying into execution of a scheme he had long been plotting, for the leasing of two other theatres, and the purchase of three music-halls, a circus, five public-houses and a chapel. It was the dream of Grimshaw to possess all these properties. The field for billing that then would be open to him seemed to him grand and glorious indeed.

"I should be able to turn round then; a fellow ain't got elbow-room at the Long Acre. It's as easy to manage four theatres as one. If you know how to drive, a four-in-hand isn't harder, while it's much pleasanter, than one 'orse—isn't it, old fellow, you know about 'orses? Will you have a private box for the missus, for Toosday? I'd give any money if I could get respectable people into my private boxes. However, we can't have everything: at the pit we turn away money every night."

I have always admired very much the first, second and third gentleman whom Shakespeare has now and then brought upon his scene, who are so bland, and amiable, and courteous, and convey so much information to each other and the audience, particularly the audience. What very agreeable background figures are these gentlemen, filling up chinks and crannies in the narrative, keeping out the draught, as it were, and yet, like the gilded leather we nail round the doors to make our rooms snug and comfortable in the winter time, useful the while they are ornamental. In a court of justice how important are those scraps of evidence which seem so trivial in themselves, and yet which form the links binding the big manacles together very tightly round the prisoner's wrists. I should like to summon indifferent but respectable witnesses to give the kind of "putty" evidence that fills up the chinks of the history. But I know that I cannot expect "first, second and third gentleman" to perform such an office for me, so far as this portion of my narrative is concerned. Of course, *Nec deus interit*, etc. All know the line, if only from meeting with it so constantly in newspaper articles.

It is very well for the first, second and third gentlemen to give information touching the execution of a Duke of Buckingham, or the coronation of a Lady Anne, but may we question them concerning the performances of a Mademoiselle Boisfleury at the T. R., Long Acre, under the management of Mr. Grimshaw? Fie! It is true they may discuss such matters, but they would do so in their private apartments or in the smoking-room of their club; we are not members probably, and may not listen and report, even if we are. But they would not talk over Mademoiselle Stephanie for half an hour in the public streets. Yet there are some people who do this kind of thing, and so will serve our turn as well. They form almost a class, yet they have no distinctive title. The word "gent" was at one time suggested as applicable to an individual of this class, and he has been termed a "snob;" but the latter was found to be of so elastic a significance that it could be stretched to comprehend the whole universe almost. The former was preferable principally on the ground of its being a diminutive; to designate something less than a gentleman, the word "gent" has certainly its recommendations.

But we have a want of something like the Italian method of arriving at a diminutive. Taking "swell" as a starting point, we desire to reach some such word as *swellino* or *swelletto*, to signify a cheap or little swell. There is a sense of endearment, almost of a nursery character, implied in such a termination as we find in the word *swellikin*, which at once renders it unfit for our purpose. Perhaps we might follow the system of musical nomenclature; and as quaver is diminished into semi-quaver and demi-semi-quaver, we might reduce the power of the word swell by making it occasionally, semi-swell and demi-semi-swell. Any one who, by his cheapness and littleness, is strayed from rising even to this last humble level, must, I think, regard himself as too far removed from the original distinction to have any, the remotest title to it whatever.

It is not necessary for me to describe the semi and the demi-semi-swell. Many specimens of the genera are about. Let it be said that they are generally young in years, and—to their credit—clean in person. But their taste in dress, in cigars, in language, is not to be commended. They may be useful fellow-citizens between ten and four; behaving tolerably, writing good hands, and altogether doubtless of some value to their employers. They are not of the old race of clerks, who worked very hard, and took snuff, and wore dress-coats, and passed the greater part of their lives on the tops of very high stools. They are born probably of the modern system of commerce, shifting responsibility, public companies, limited liability, etc. I don't desire to be caustic in reference to these compatriots of mine. As Folly occasionally flies my way, I may try to have a flick at her with a light whip, without strong feeling or a very muscular arm. I disclaim the task of those determined satirists who are ever going out with pickled rods, and, like the old woman in the shoe story, whipping all their subjects soundly, and sending them to bed. Still I desiderate improvement in the taste, and amelioration in the *morale*, of the small swell. Perhaps, too, he does go a little too often half-price to the pit of the T. R., Long Acre.

Two demi-semi-swells discuss the merits of Mademoiselle Boisfleury.

"Hullo, Charley—seen the new woman at Long Acre?"

"Rather. I should think so. Saw her the first night."

"Good?"

"Well, she ain't bad."

"Pretty?"

"Yes, she's pretty; but she ain't young."

[This I find is a very ordinary observation to make in reference to women. It's very easy, and looks like information. A man has often got a reputation for knowledge by no more difficult means. Disparagement, indeed, as a rule, is not difficult. Of course the person disparaging mounts at once to a platform very superior to that enjoyed by the person disparaged. What could Charley know about the age of Mademoiselle Boisfleury? He sat at the back of the pit, without an opera-glass; and the Long Acre pit is not a small one, as everybody knows.]

"The bally good? What does she do?"

"Stunning. Swings in the air, with the electric light on her. Screaming effect."

"What is an aerolite? Sort of thunderbolt, ain't it?"

"Something of that sort, I believe."

"It's worth going to see, then?"

"Oh, certainly. She's an out-and-out dancer—comes right away down from the back of the stage to the footlights on the points of her toes—first-rate."

"Good scenery by Blister?"

"Tol-lol. Part of what they had in the pantomime last year—only one new scene."

"Come and have some beer," etc., etc. (Demi-semi-swells enter public-house.)

The town was certainly well billed. In all directions the eye met placards setting forth, in colossal capitals (scarlet on a saffron ground), the talent of Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury. A well-dressed man, wearing good spectacles, was reading one of these bills very attentively. He did not perceive that he had thus become in his turn an object of attention. A stout man, buttoned up to the throat in a long brown overcoat, was watching the reader smilingly.

"Hullo, mossoo!" cried the stout man at last.

The reader started back, looking round him eagerly. The reader was M. Chose.

"Thinking of going to the play?" the stout man continued.

"Why, who'd have thought of seeing you here, mossoo?"

"Hush! don't mention names, my friend—it is better not. Ah! Charley, inspector, it is long since we have met."

"I was with you in the case of that banker, you know. He came over here to take ship from Liverpool."

"Yes, I remember. What a fool he was! But the criminal is always fool—is he not, Charley inspector? He goes on rob, rob, for years and years, and yet never arranges a plan for his safety and escape. How that is imprudent! How different we should manage! Yes,

I remember. We caught the little runaway banker, thanks to you. It was well done. I did not know this country so well then as now I know it. We were much obliged to you."

The inspector, as M. Chose called him, was a broad-shouldered, good-tempered looking Englishman, with bright hazel eyes and a very massive jaw. He was close shaven, with the exception of a little triangular tuft of hair, red-brown in hue, left standing on the summit of either cheek—probably as a sort of sample of the whiskers he was capable of producing, if they were required of him, just as a tailor shows a scrap of cloth, a specimen of the much bigger piece he can exhibit when called upon. He had a hearty, pleasant manner with him, and a fragrance as of a combination of beer and snuff hung about him.

"Here on business?" asked the inspector, in an off-hand way.

"No, not precisely," replied M. Chose. "I may say that I came on a little private matter; but as I am here, I keep my eye on one or two people, just to amuse myself. You have many of our suspects here, I notice."

The inspector glanced for a moment curiously at his companion, as though he did not deem the remark wholly satisfactory. Then, after filling his blunt nose with as much snuff as it could possibly contain, even with the most adroit packing, he remarked,

"If I can help you in any way, I shall be very happy, I'm sure."

"Mon ami, you are most kind. I thank you."

And M. Chose removed his hat and bowed with singular grace and fervor to the inspector, but did not seem disposed to be any further communicative.

"I've been down at Liverpool," said the inspector, perhaps by way of setting an example of confidence, "busy with a very nice little matter. But we can't make much of it at present. You see the conduct of the thing rests with a board of directors, and when that's the case, there's sure to be a mess. They never can make up their minds what they'll do; whether they'll hush it up or expose it all, and take the chance of being damaged by it. Of course they lose all the best time. Then they go suddenly in, and when it's almost too late. They'll make an example, they declare; they'll say anything rather than the case should escape justice—offering rewards and advertising, and having a heap of detectives round 'em, sitting at the board-room table, and drinking sherry with the chairman, and that sort of thing. That's just this case. I'm not regularly in it yet. I'm waiting instructions. Meanwhile I'm keeping watch. I know where my party is; I know all about him, in fact, every hair of his head almost; and when the time comes, and he's wanted, why, I'm all there, you know, and can put my hands upon him at a very short notice."

"A large amount?"

"Pretty tidy. Some twelve thousand or so. A common case; a gent in a public company; awfully trusted and looked up to; board swearing by him, and that sort of thing. Suddenly some one lights upon a little scratching out in one of his books; and my gentleman bolts. The company is let in to the tune of twelve thousand, more or less, spread over a good many years."

"But the case is not difficult?" Monsieur Chose inquired.

"Oh, dear, no," the inspector answered, "nothing of the kind—very simple—happens every day nearly. I know the sort of thing by heart. It's only to get at a few facts. What was the party's particular fancy? How did he spend his money? Was he Stock Exchange? Did he speculate? No! Then his weakness was 'orses, or the bally, or else religious institutions. On those accounts you must find him."

"And this one loves the ballet—is it not so?"

"Right you are, mossoo," quoth the inspector, laughing. "We shall find him at the Long Acre this evening, looking up at the girl dancing. Are you going?"

"It is possible. But I have seen her before at Vienna, Milan, Naples, wherever she has played, in effect."

"You like her, then, mossoo?" and the inspector laughed. He fancied, perhaps, he had found a weak place in the armor of his French friend.

"I think that Mademoiselle Boisfleury is charming," said Monsieur Chose, quite seriously.

The inspector did not appear to be able to appreciate or comprehend abstract admiration.

"Perhaps you think there is some danger in her grand scene," he suggested. "But bless you, these things are safe enough—they are only made to look like danger, that's all. I've been on a rope myself, I was thinner then, of course; and with the pole in your hand, it's no more than going across Oxford street."

"The accident comes some day," Monsieur Chose observed philosophically, "only one is never on the spot to see it. Many years ago there was a man—not here, but abroad—an artist, very clever; he put his head into wild beast mouths, and so on. Well, I was young, I was struck. I wanted to see the end. For two months I followed that man, let him go where he please. I was there to see him put his head into wild beast mouths. Nothing happened—he is secure—the band play the *preghiera* from *Mosè*—the audience cry huzza! and so on. One day I have my dinner—excellent dinner—and afterwards (it was not in this country), I had *demi-bouteille* of Hochheimer. I am fond of Hochheimer, especially when I cannot have the wines of my country. I sit over my wine like an English. Ah, well, meanwhile" (Monsieur Chose joined his hands at the wrists, keeping his palms as wide apart as possible), "the hair of the artist had tickled the throat of the lion. He closed his mouth so" (Monsieur Chose brought his large white hands together with a loud clap). "It was all over. The artist was dead. And I had not assisted at the representation! I had missed it by a *demi-bouteille* of Hochheimer."

"What a pity!" said the inspector, sincerely, taking snuff.

"It is as I say, the accident happens, but, one is not there to see. Tell me, if you please, monsieur, who is that person? There—just passing us."

"The tall party, pale, with a black beard."

"Yes; he lives in the *quartier* Soho."

"Don't know him; at least I don't think I do," the inspector added cautiously. "You see, he's make such a difference; it's all the harder lines for us. A man has but to shave clean now-a-days, and he looks like a new creature. For that party, he's an artist, perhaps, or a sculptor, might be—looks uncommon like a sculptor—or he may be literary; he has got a queer look about him; only I think I should have known him, certainly, if he'd been literary. He's not a reporter. I know all that lot."

Monsieur Chose mused for a few moments. Suddenly he said:

"Let us see together this Mademoiselle Boisfleury."

"With all my heart," said the inspector, stoutly; "I am on the free list; I've known Grimshaw for many a long day. He's a rum card, if you like."

"Let us dine," cried Monsieur Chose, "let us drink many toasts and healths—is not that your English fashion? We are bound by many ties; we are both members of the executive of two very grand nations. We will drink to our success—to the prosperity of our two systems. It will be a grand *fête* of the *entente cordiale*—it will be superb!"

"I'm afraid our liquors ain't the same," said the inspector, laughing.

"I will eat of your English biffsteck with the sauce of oysters. I will drink of your English haf-naf, or of the stout! *Mon ami, allons!* It will be a *reunion* full of charm, of grace, of spirit, and afterwards—the theatre."

"Come along, then, I know a crib close at hand that will suit us—the very thing."

"We will go to this—what you call—*creed*, and after the Theatre Long Acre!"

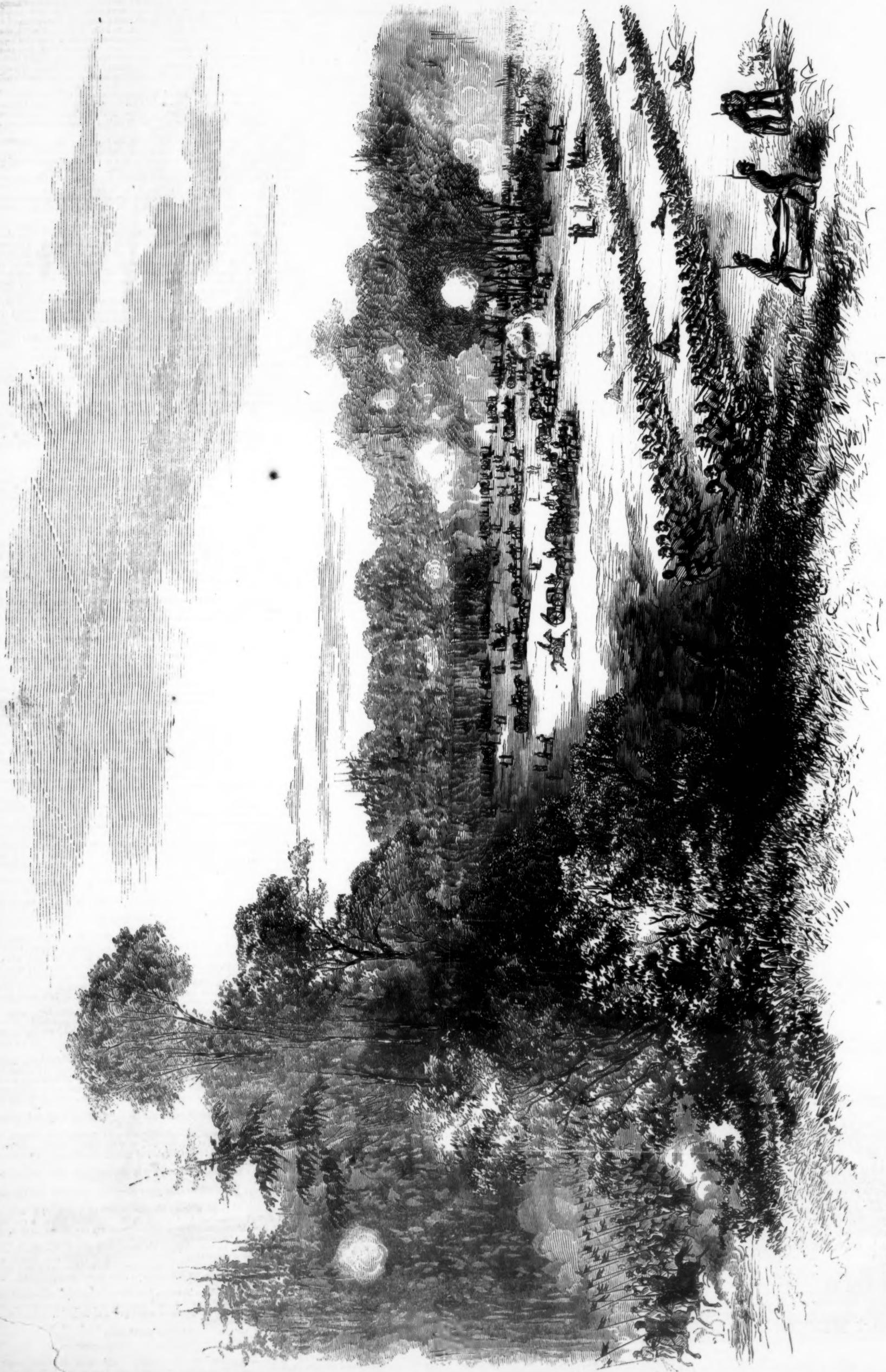
"Strange!" cried Wilford Hadfield, starting suddenly, as he hurried along; "am I mad? I am haunted with this idea! I see this name Boisfleury, written everywhere—staring me in the face on all sides. Is my brain going?"

He stopped, turned, rubbed his eyes, then gazed at adroitly at a boarding he was passing. He smiled almost in spite of himself as he discovered his error. It was no dream that was assailing him. He had simply come upon a shoal of the Boisfleury placards. He went on his way.

Now Grimshaw, had he been present and noticed this incident, would have congratulated himself upon his triumphant manifestation of his admirable system of billing! The secret of his management and his success.

(To be continued.)

THE Kingston (N. Y.) *Argus* says that several young ladies of that village volunteered as army nurses, but have been rejected on account of their good looks.



10th New York lying down behind the Batteries.

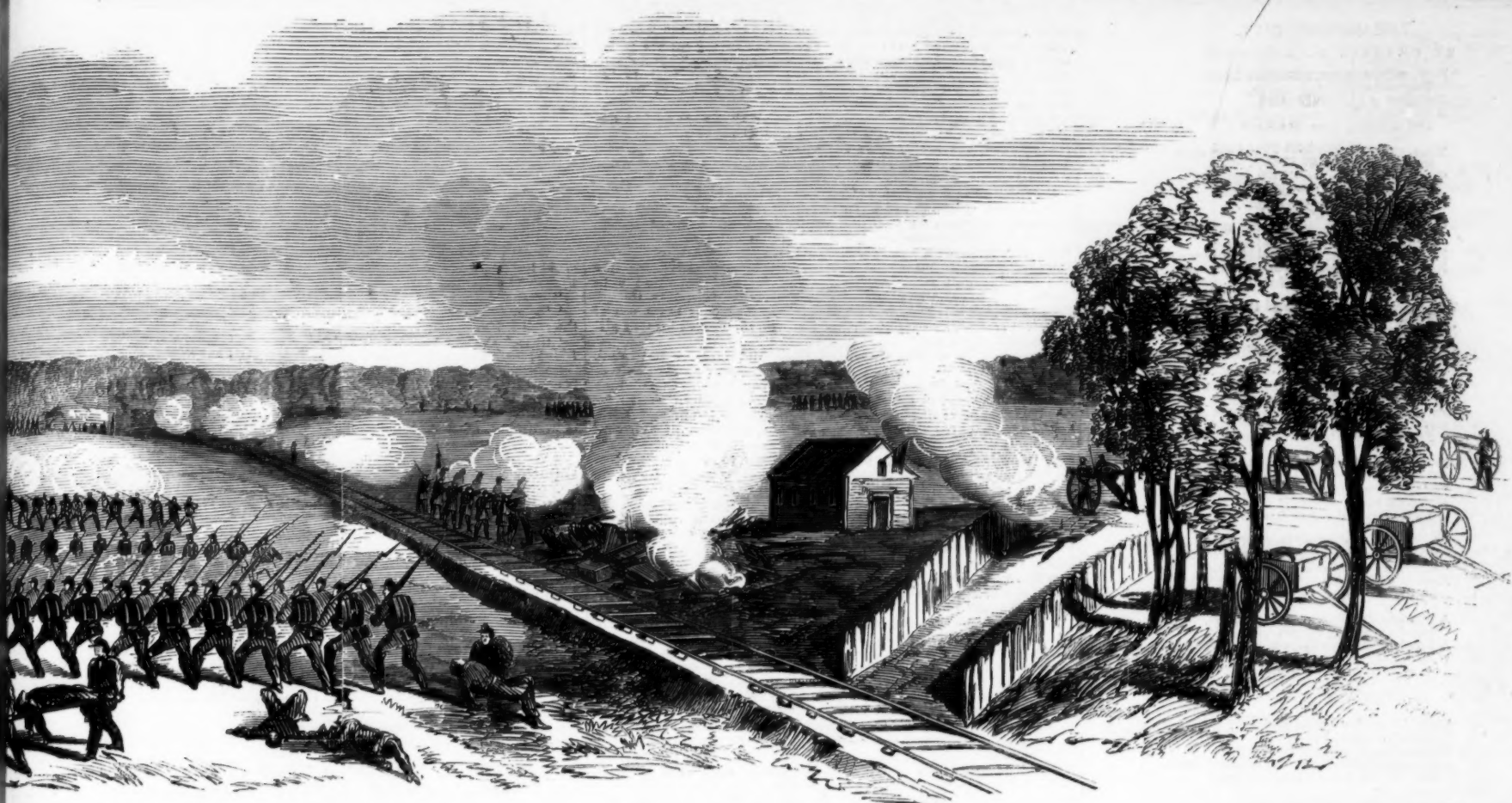
Hexamer's Battery.

Col. Platt's Regular Battery.

Capt. Porter's 1st Massachusetts Battery.

THE BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND—BATTLE OF CHARLES CITY ROAD, MONDAY, JUNE 30.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM WAUD.

Bush's Battery.



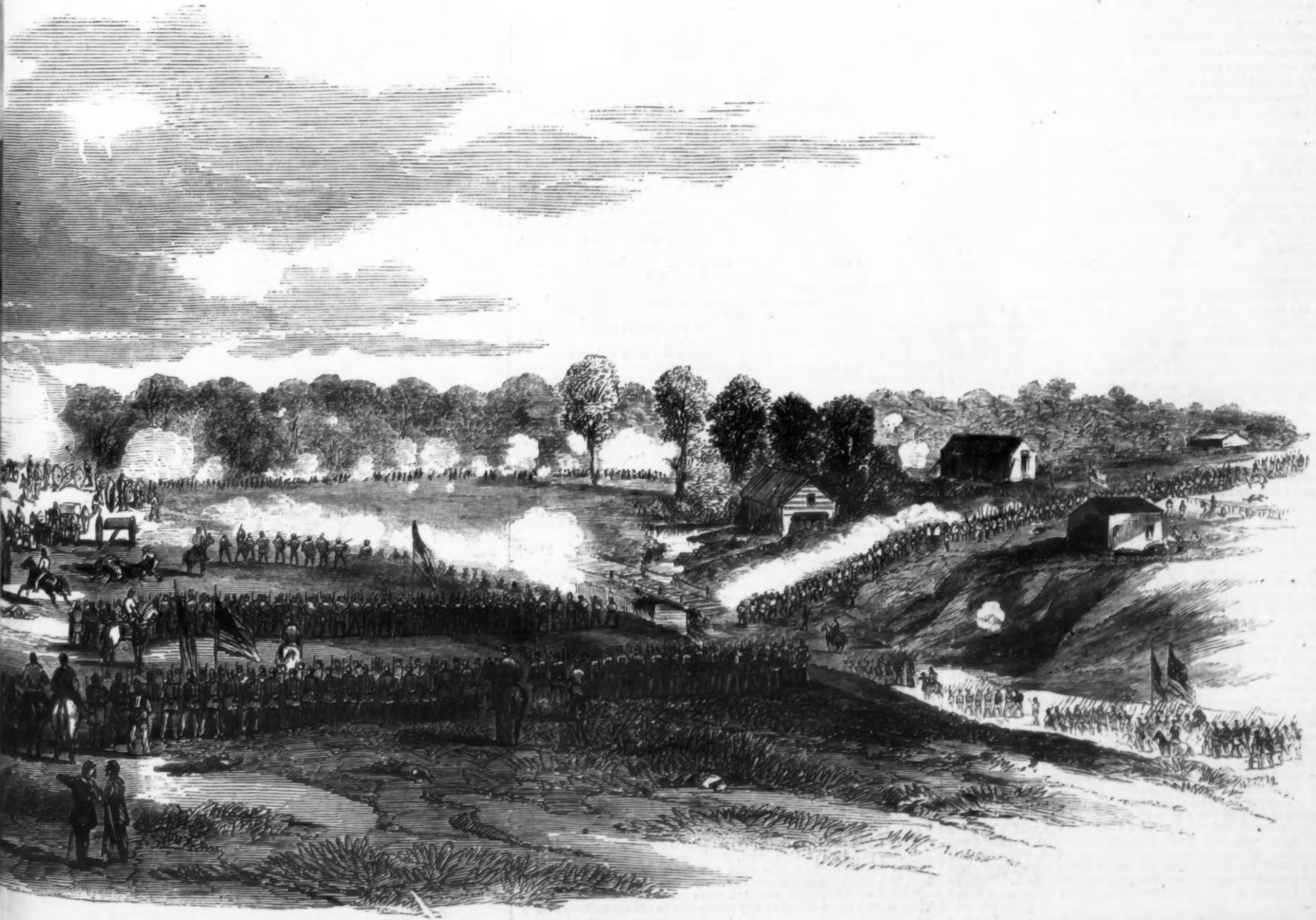
ENGAGED WITH THE ENEMY, AT NOON, JUNE 28.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM WAUD.

MARVELLOUS MACHINE.—One of the most curious instruments in the Great Exhibition is a machine exhibited by Mr. Peters for microscopic writing, which is infinitely more powerful than Mr. Whitworth's machine for measuring the millionth of an inch, and excited such astonishment in 1851. With this machine of Mr. Peters, it is stated, that the words, "Matthew Marshall, Bank of England," can be written in the two-and-a-half inch of an inch in length, and it is actually said that calculations made on this data that the whole Bible can be written 22 times in the space of a square inch. We must defer a detailed description of this most extraordinary instrument to another occasion, but ourselves now with simply saying that the words to be written microscopically are in pencil, in ordinary characters, on a sheet of paper at the bottom of the instrument, and the pencil with which this is done communicates, by a series of levers and gimbals, a finer minute pencil and tablet at the top, by means of which the ordinary writing of

the pencil and the pencil for the microscopic writing both move in unison, though the motion of the latter is so graduated that a stroke of a quarter of an inch at the bottom is only a stroke of a quarter of a millionth of an inch at the top, the shape and character of both marks being nevertheless precisely alike in outline. As a matter of course, the microscopic writing at the top is only visible under powerful magnifiers, and the object of the machine is chiefly to mark banknotes with certain minute signatures for the prevention of forgery. Such a precaution, no doubt, would prove an effectual stopper on counterfeit notes, if only all tradesmen supplied themselves with microscopes to examine them, just as a little ordinary care would now detect any forgery.

A SCENE IN CORINTH.—A Cincinnati merchant thus describes an incident attending the entry of the National army into Corinth: "The town, occupied, underwent a small miniature pillage, and of all the scenes of merriment I ever saw, I never saw one half so much enjoyed. I saw a lot of soldiers who had hitched a specimen of the mule kind to the town hearse, which was wending its way to camp, loaded with spoils, and several soldiers on each side of the hearse, marching along as pall bearers!"

In Brazil the common form of introduction is said to be as follows: "Sir, allow me to introduce to your acquaintance my friend Mr. Jones. If he steals anything I am accountable."



NOON, FRIDAY, JUNE 27. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM WAUD.

THE MOUND CITY.

ST. CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

"Now, gallant Kelly, hold your hand,
You've done enough to-day,
And give my Indiana braves
A chance to show these lords of slaves
Ten minutes' bayonet play!"

Thus, through the hissing shot and shell
Stout Fitch's signal flew;
The swarthy gunners ceased their toil,
And, reeking with the battle morn,
Mute stood the panting crew.

There was a moment's wild suspense,
While many a straining glance
From eyes bloodshot with combat burned,
In rays of focal fire, full turned
Upon our troops' advance.

One moment strangely still they stood:
Then, through the ambient air,
As if a thousand fiends astride
Of every sulphurous cloud did ride,
In shrieking triumph there,

A winged demon ball swooped down,
Rending the battle gloom,
As through the rifts of thunderous sky,
Rent by Heaven's dread artillery,
Flames down the bolt of doom.

It struck. There was one hideous crash,
One long demoniac scream—
Oh, God! the nightmare of a life,
Red with the massacre of strife,
To this were one soft dream!

Oh, sight to wring hot tears of blood
From eyes all strange to tears;
Oh, sounds to bid dead pulses leap,
And, in a single heart-pang, heap
The agony of years!

A hundred dauntless men, and more,
Stood there in pride but now;
A hundred souls in Heaven they claim,
With "hero-martyr" writ in flame
On each translucent brow!

There is another strain to sing,
Divinely soft and low,
Of hearths all ashen, cold and lone,
Of homes, through whose dim halls a moan
Like the sad night-wind doth go.

Ah, for these, and thrice alas!
Yet shall they kiss the rod;
There is a joy beyond the grave
For those—thrice hallowed dead—who gave
Their lives to Freedom's God!

A STORY OF THE SEA.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Do I believe in mermaids?" said old Captain Saltwater, stirring his punch and beaming upon us from the fragrant mist which arose from the great glass before him. "Do I believe in mermaids? Of course I do. Long ago, when I went to sea as a cabin boy, I've heard them singing many and many a moonlight night so that I could scarcely lie still in my hammock, and have watched over the side oftener than I can tell you for the gleaming of their white arms and the floating of the sea-green hair they are so proud of. They've left off troubling me now, for I'm old and tough as sea water can make me; and even if it was of any use, they wouldn't think me a prize worth capturing; but then when my heart was soft and my cheek like a peach with the down upon it, they could never leave me alone, but were always beckoning and singing to me. If I hadn't had a good old mother that I was too fond of to forsake for any flesh and blood woman in the world, let alone a mermaid, I've no doubt I should have been among the coral caves to-night instead of here, my dears.

"Mermaids! bless you, you're not half up to their arts; they have a way (I'm sure of it) of getting rid of the fishy part of 'em and coming out on land for all the world like Christian women. I've met them miles and miles away from the ocean, looking as modest and blushing as much as they could if they'd been what they seemed to be. But I knew them; nothing could deceive me. I always saw the sea in their eyes. Blue eyes, and very pretty ones; but when you least expected it, that deep sea-green would rise from behind them or creep over them somehow, and you would see the mermaid look in a moment.

"It was a kind of natural instinct with me, and I never could teach any one my secret. Ah! I wish I could have taught it to Ralph Hawthorne, but he always laughed at me whenever I spoke of such things. He hadn't been brought up a sailor, d'ye see, but had been to college, and learnt to explain everything away until he believed nothing. Corpselights he called 'electricity,' and 'Mother Carey's chickens' a superstition; and as for the sea serpent, he actually had the audacity to tell old Tom Pipes, a man who had sailed salt water for 40 years, that he must have dreamt he saw it close to the rock of Gibraltar, because the creature was fabulous. The sea serpent fabulous! He might as well have told old Tom he lied.

"Howsoever, the lad's education was to blame for these things, and he was to be pitied for not being taught what he ought to have known, and I was just as fond of him as though he had been my own brother. Son, is more like it—for he was very young and there was years between us. He was the best messmate when he was off his hobby that I ever met with, and he made the Cousin Kitty ring again with the old sea songs he was so fond of singing on bright moonlight nights.

"The Cousin Kitty was the ship in which we sailed, and of which he was part owner. I had named her after a little cousin of my own, who half bewitched me when I was a lad, and I was as fond of her as I could have been of her namesake, the living cousin Kitty, if it had been written in Life's log book that I was to be moored alongside of her. I could never have borne that a man I did not like should be part owner of that vessel.

"Our first voyage together was to the East Indies, and we had terrible weather coming home; and were in scenes that proved what stuff the men were made of. Ralph came out pure gold, and showed that college hadn't spoiled him, and we were fast friends from that time; for when I like a man, d'ye see, I stick to him, and I liked Ralph more than I can tell.

"He had hair that clung in great black rings all about his neck and temples, an olive skin, and eyes such as I have never seen on any other living thing except a seal. You may laugh, but though they talk about gazelle's eyes in poetry, they don't compare with those of a seal—great, brown, loving, imploring things, with a soul behind them as sure as I'm a sinner.

"He was so handsome, that when we passed the reef where the mermaids lay in wait, I used to be afraid to see him looking down into the water. Those creatures are bold for all they're shy, d'ye see, and I didn't know but that they might make a spring at him and carry him off by main force if stratagem failed them. Perhaps they were daunted by his great brown eyes, for he never even heard them sing.

"Well, my dears, Ralph Hawthorne and I had sailed together four good years, and he was as dear to me as my own son could have been, when coming across from Liverpool to New York we met the very worst storm that the Cousin Kitty had ever weathered through. I never quite gave her up, but there were moments when I began to

think that I and my good ship would be lying beneath the water together before the sun rose over it. For it was in the middle of the second night that the storm was at its worst, and with pitch-black water all around and a sky blacker yet overhead, we were beaten and rooked and driven as though the air were full of unseen demons.

"We had passengers on board, and though they were all fastened down below we could hear the women's shrieks above the roaring of the wind and the breaking of the waves. Women, d'ye see, were never meant to leave dry land. I'd rather see anything on board of a vessel than a woman.

"By dawn the storm had abated, and the Cousin Kitty had acted like a queen, so Ralph and I went down to cheer the passengers up. When we told them we were out of danger, they squalled for joy, just as they had squalled for fear a little while before. The women folks were sulky with me, because when they were at their loudest the night before I beat upon the doors with a belaying pin, and told 'em if they didn't hold their tongues I'd let the ship sink just to drown their voices. But they all clustered about Ralph as though they wanted to kiss him, and he, the rascal, looked at them out of his great seal-brown eyes as though he were in love with every girl on board.

"Somehow he quieted them, and those who were sick went back to their staterooms, and those who were well enough sat down to breakfast, and there was as much peace as could be expected with petticoats on board at all. Well, when we had settled that job we went on board again. The clouds were clearing off, and there seemed to be a prospect of pleasant weather, but straight ahead of us we saw a sight that made my heart ache—the wreck of a handsome vessel stranded on a rock, and going fast to pieces. We saw no one upon her; all hands had left her, we supposed, for the boats when she began to part. She had been a handsome French-built vessel, and the name upon her side was L'Esperance. It made me think of the Cousin Kitty, as the sight of another man's dead child makes a man think of his own living one, and I wondered who the captain was, and how he felt when he left his hope to go down into the dark waters without him. For L'Esperance means Hope, you know, my dears, better than I do, and it was awful to see that bright word written in golden letters above the broken hulk that hadn't so much as an anchor left to it.

"Doubtful as it seemed, we thought there might be some poor soul clinging somewhere to the wreck, and Ralph Hawthorne and I with half a dozen hands went out in a boat to look at her. It seemed plain in a few moments that she was quite deserted, and we were going back to the Cousin Kitty again, when Ralph frightened me by springing upon the boat and over the side in a moment.

"The mermaids have got him at last!" I shouted, but before the words were out of my lips he was swimming alongside with something white in his strong young arms.

"Take her, for Heaven's sake!" he cried, and then I knew that it was a woman whom he held, and a drowned one, for if she had been living she would have clung to him until she dragged him down along with her to Davy Jones's locker. They will do it; you can't save a woman from drowning unless she is senseless. Well, we took the poor thing on board, and after a deal of fuss, with all the lady passengers in the way, pretending to help and doing worse than nothing, brought breath back to the poor little body. The first use she made of it was to scream for 'mon pere' and 'Alphonse,' until I began to think we were wrong in bringing her to life and misery, for there was little doubt but that the two she called for were sleeping amongst the seaweed together.

"In a day or two she grew quieter, and then she told us in pretty broken English such a pitiful little story of the white-haired old father and the young lover soon to be a husband, and the storm and the darkness and the awful separation. She made me cry like a baby, and Ralph Hawthorne's eyes were browner and more seal-like as he listened.

"She came on deck before the voyage was over every afternoon, and used to sit looking down into the water for hours and hours together. The lady passengers made a pet of her, and Ralph Hawthorne was like a brother to the little thing.

"As for myself, I had resolved that she should never want a friend while I lived. So when we arrived at the end of our voyage I took her to my sister Margaret, and told her the story. I was old and had no children, and Meg took a fancy to the girl, so when I sailed again I left her safe in Moorings, and she kissed me as a daughter might when we parted. Adele she said was her name, and she would call me *Monsieur le Capitaine*, which I, not being French, didn't like.

"I never in all my life knew Ralph to be so silent as he was upon that voyage. He was not himself in anything except that he did his duty, as he always did, like a man. I puzzled over the change more than I can tell you. At last, as he sat in the moonlight one night, looking at the sparkles on the dark waves, I went to him and said,

"What has been the matter with you all this time, Ralph?"

He looked up with a start, and made no answer at first, but after a while he opened his lips and uttered one word only. That one word was 'Adele.'

"I understood it all now, and I laughed as I slapped him on the back.

"So it's Adele," said I. "Well, you've been sly enough about it. So you're to take my little beauty from me, are you?"

He shook his head, and looked up at me with his great seal-like eyes.

"No," he said, "she will not say I may. Her heart is with that young lover of hers who was lost when L'Esperance became a wreck, and she cares nothing for me."

"Nonsense," I answered; "I never heard of a woman being constant to the living, let alone the dead."

"She will be," he said, and his eyes wandered to the dark waves again, and he did not speak another word.

"I said no more at that time, but when we were at home again I went to see my little French daughterling and talked to her about it. At first she sobbed for poor Alphonse, but by-and-by she dried her eyes and owned to liking Ralph, though she did not love him.

"Liking is enough," said I; "love will come when you are spliced, and as I stand in the place of a father to you, I think you ought to do as I say, and make Ralph Hawthorne happy."

"I spoke as I did because I knew that French girls were used to having their matches made for them by their parents, and that the speech would have great weight with her."

"She took my hand and kissed it. 'I must obey,' she said, 'but I shall never, never be happy with Monsieur Ralph; my heart is in the ocean with Alphonse.'

"I said nothing, for d'ye see I thought the speech meant nothing but a little woman's coquetry."

"They were married in six months, and I sailed for the first time for years without Ralph Hawthorne. When I came back he brought his wife to see me. She was beautiful in her white dress, with her golden hair coiled in great braids about her shapely head, but she was very pale and her long lashes drooped as sadly as ever over her large eyes. That was one peculiarity about those eyes of hers. They were so shadowed that I never had been able to tell what color they were. Now, when I bent over her, and had both of her little hands in one of my own, she lifted them and looked full at me for the first time. The sight froze my blood. They were blue and beautiful, but out of them, over them, from behind them I could see the sea. It was there as plainly as the eyes themselves was that delicate sea-green shadow, and I knew all at once. The story of the shipwreck was a lie; 'Alphonse' and 'mon pere' were fictions. It was a preconcerted plan hatched amongst the coral reefs. Ralph Hawthorne's wife was a mermaid. Instead of kissing her I flung her from me.

"I know you," I cried before I knew what I was saying; 'go back to the sea from whence you came, you French mermaid; you belong there.'

"And she uttered a scream, and crying, 'Ah, mon Dieu! if I only could,' fell fainting to the floor."

I thought it was all over between Ralph and I after that, for he told me I was mad, and bade me leave his house, but I wouldn't go.

"No, my lad," I said, "no, you'll need your old friend more with a mermaid for a wife than you would if you had married a flesh and blood Christian woman."

"After a while, when she had come out of her swoon, and was lying white and beautiful as any water lily in his arms, Ralph made it up with me, though d'ye see I had to perjure myself by saying it was all a joke (as though she didn't know better). My excuse is that I did it for the lad's sake. So I stayed and went to the house often after that, and though I watched Ralph's mermaid wife I must say I saw no harm in her. So I said to myself, 'A reformed

mermaid ought to be encouraged,' and next time I came from sea I brought her a lot of shells and china enough to stock her pantry. She never seemed to care for the china, but she would sit for hours with the shells in her lap, dreaming over them and holding them to her ear to hear the roaring of the sea. She said they brought it close to her, and I suppose they did. But she was very mild and sweet, and if I could have seen a child of Ralph's upon her bosom I think I could have forgotten that she was a mermaid. But two years passed by, and no baby came to look up into her sea-blue eyes with seal-like brown eyes like those of Ralph, and I was not quite at rest with all her sweetness.

"On the 25th of June—no matter in what year—the Cousin Kitty sailed for France, and Ralph Hawthorne and his wife were on board her. She seems to have longed to see her native land again (all pretence I knew), and Ralph told me with tears in his eyes that she would die if she did not go to the France she loved so dearly. I could have told him that it was the sea for which his wife pined, and which she could live without no longer.

"I tackled her with it the first day she came on board.

"You don't care for the sea, Adele," said I; "you are pining for the ocean, I'm certain."

"Yes," she answered softly; "but, dear monsieur, do not tell Ralph, for it would grieve him, and he is too good to grieve."

"Never fear," said I. "Somebody or other says, where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise, and he was right. I'll say nothing to the lad." And I kept the mermaid's secret.

"Ralph went as a passenger this time, and spent every moment in petting his lily of a wife. Hour after hour he would spend reading to her, her head lying on his shoulder all the while, but I never saw her lay it there voluntarily. She was obedient to him, but as cold as the water from whence she came. The old merman of a father, who got up the match among the coral reefs, had made a mistake. The love was all on Ralph's side. The ocean was as calm as the way, until what I shall tell you came to pass, as though oil had been poured upon it, and she was always looking down into the water with her sea-green eyes, and her skin grew more and more transparent and her little wrists smaller every day.

"At last, one bright morning, we came in sight of the very rock upon which we had seen L'Esperance stranded three years before, and from the foot of which Ralph Hawthorne had picked up his mermaid wife. We were becalmed there, and such a calm I never knew. There was not breeze enough to lift a thistle-down, and sky and water were both red-hot. The moon looked like a copper shield, and all night long it was so bright that you could see every object as plainly as at daybreak. On the first of these awful nights Adele came to me, as I stood leaning over the side, and said, in her own clear voice,

"Monsieur, will you tell me if those are the rocks?"

"The rocks?" I asked, pretending not to understand her, though I did.

"Where the ship struck—where L'Esperance went down," she said, and I answered,

"Yes."

"I thought so," said she, "for listen, monsieur: a moment ago I saw Alphonse, white and wan, with seaweed tangled in his hair, beckoning to me from the water yonder."

"She looked so wild and spirit-like as she spoke, that I was not sure but that she would melt into the sea until I had her by the arm, and felt solid flesh and bone beneath my fingers.

"Go to your stateroom, child," I said; "you are feverish."

"But all the while she was colder than an icicle, and I knew it. Adele went to her stateroom and lay there all night. The next day she did not rise, but Ralph was not alarmed, for she said she was not ill, but only weary. I knew then, as I know now, that she wanted to keep out of the temptation, which the sight of the sea was to her.

"All this while we were becalmed within sight of those fatal rocks, and the sun went down upon the second day without the prospect of a breeze.

"It was night. Twelve bells had struck, and the watch on deck were changing places with those who had been sleeping. I was too anxious to rest, and stood talking to the man at the wheel. My back, you understand, was toward the staterooms, and I was only aware of what had happened when he let go the wheel, and shouted, in a horrified voice,

"She's overboard!"

"Who is overboard?" I screamed.

"But the men, who were rushing to let down a boat, could not tell me. A female figure had been seen to glide, ghost-like, across the deck and spring wildly over the side in an instant.

"I went straight to Ralph's stateroom—the pillow beside him was empty—and I wakened him from the last sweet sleep he ever knew to tell him that Adele was gone.

We never found her body. I never thought we should, for d'ye see we could not get at the coral caves under the sea; but I only spoke a few words of comfort to poor Ralph; it was no time to vex him, his heart was sore enough already. Adele had left a note upon her pillow with Ralph's name upon it, and in it were these words:

"Forgive me, you who have been so kind to me. I sin in leaving you only less than in ever having given myself to you while my heart was in the sea. I have seen Alphonse by our bedside every night. Yesterday he beckoned to me from the water. He waits: the very ship stands still that I may go. I dare not stay. Adieu, and forget me."

"This was all. We had no need to linger near those rocks longer, for a breeze sprung up the moment she was gone, and by daylight we were miles away—miles from those fatal rocks, and my own handsome lad lay raving on his pillow, and did not even know me as I bent above him.

"We made the voyage, and were on our homeward way, and still there was no change in him. With his beautiful eyes for ever open, he babbled of Adele, always, always of the mermaid he had nursed in his warm bosom.

"Again on our return we neared the rocks where L'Esperance had stranded, and once more we were becalmed. The ship was waiting for something, and I guessed what it was, for Ralph grew weaker every day.

"At last, late in the summer afternoon, I heard him utter my name in his own dear voice, and flew to him.

"His eyes were glazing, but they turned lovingly towards me, and he stretched out his hand.

"Good-bye, dear friend," he said. "I am going to the sea, to meet Adele," and then his fingers tightened about mine, and bending down to kiss him I saw all was over.

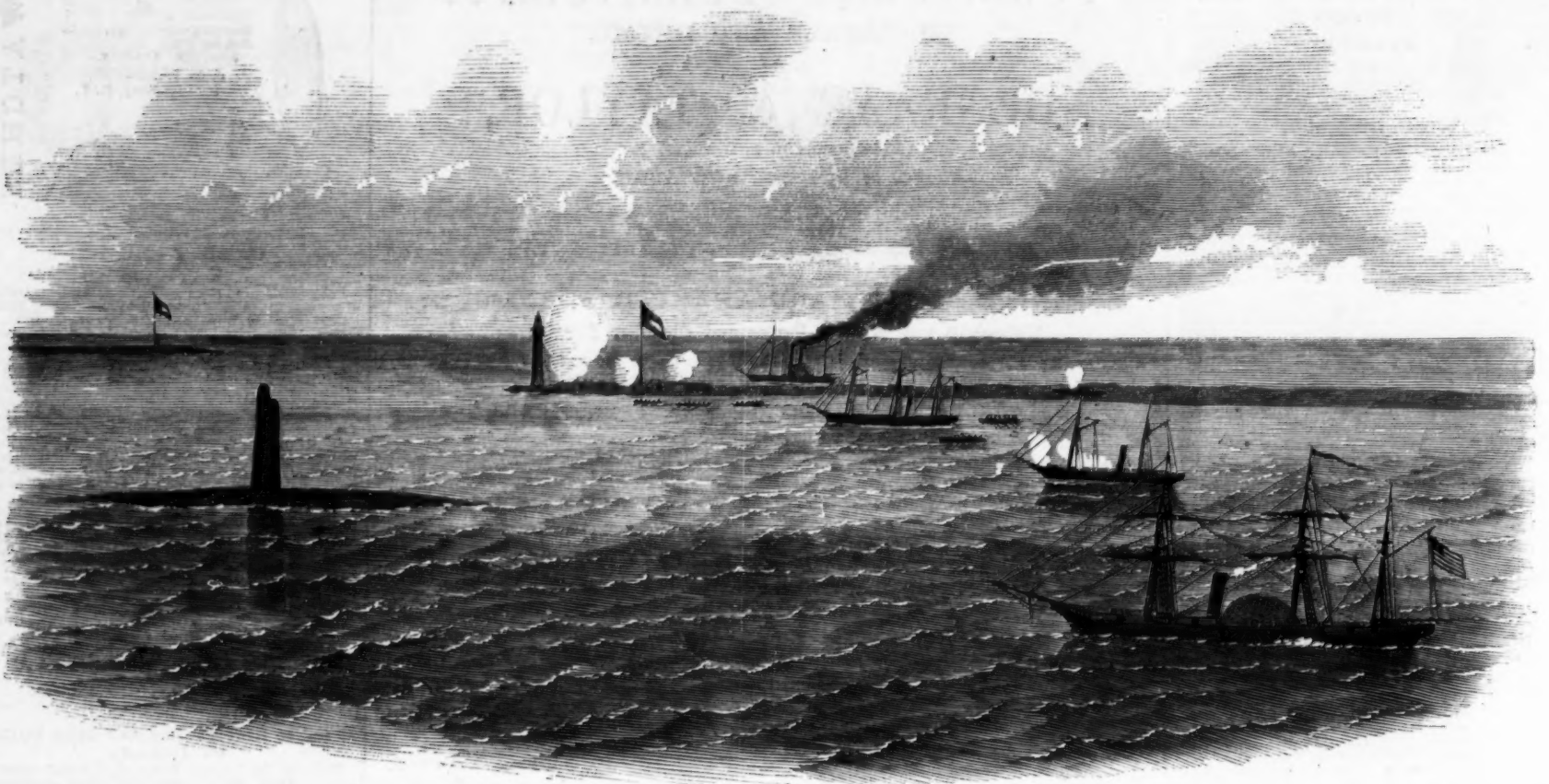
"We buried him in the ocean when the moon was high above the ship, and I could fancy faces in the waves, and see white arms stretched up to catch the beautiful thing we lowered into the waves. When the mermaids had what they waited for they let go of the bottom of the ship, and she sailed on again.

"I've been upon the sea ever since, but I never care to go in that direction. It would be very hard to pass those rocks where L'Esperance was stranded, and where Ralph's hope and Ralph, who was my own, went down to meet her wreck amongst the mermaids."

A PRINTER'S STORY.—"It was a pretty extensive 'breach of the peace' that battle at Shiloh," writes a Chicago printer from his prison at Macon, Ga. "The roar of musketry from six in the morning till night sounded like an immense waterfall. No cessation, no rest—continual and desperate fighting. Dead men lay literally in heaps. In some places where the wounded lay the brush caught fire, and we could hear them scream as the flames reached them. I shudder when I think of it. Another remarkable feature of the battle was the number of dead negroes lying about in squalid uniform. Draw your own inference. I have seen negroes with guns in their hands acting as sentries. No cotton is allowed to be raised this year—the attention of planters being given chiefly to corn. No more war-key can be distilled in the Confederacy. Whiskey is scarce. Everything is scarce—but the guard. I would like to make myself scarce, but the guard is in the way, and they have a strong proclivity for shooting if a 'Yankee' crosses their beat. They shot at somebody who tried to escape last night; looked at it in the morning, and found it was the fence. We have facilities for bathing here, and the men avail themselves of the chance. To-day I did my washing (one shirt), hung it up on the grass and stood guard over it till dry. Somebody may think it hard to have only one shirt, but I console myself by thinking that many of us have none."

THE Farmer's Journal says that "there is great art in making good cheese." Yes, fresh cheese is an admirable production of art, and a very old one is often a rare specimen of "animated nature."

Vanity Fair thinks that "leaves of absence are leaves least becoming to a warrior's brow."

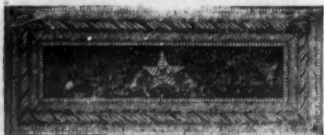


CAPTURE OF THE BRITISH STEAMER ANNE, LADEN WITH ARMS AND MUNITIONS OF WAR FOR THE REBELS, BY THE U. S. GUNBOAT KANAWHA, ACTING-MASTER PARTRIDGE, FROM UNDER THE GUNS OF FORT MORGAN, MOBILE, JUNE 29.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

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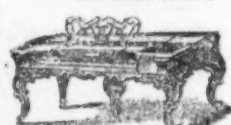
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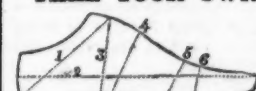
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